

HUSTLER

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

APRIL 1975 \$1.50

INTERVIEW:
**THE MITCHELL
BROTHERS**

**"SODOM
AND GOMORRAH"**
THE FULL STORY BEHIND THE
MOST ELABORATE PORNO FLIC

PROFILE:
HARRY REEMS
SUPERSTUD LETS IT
ALL HANG OUT.



Miller time

**If you've got the time,
we've got the beer.**



HUSTLER

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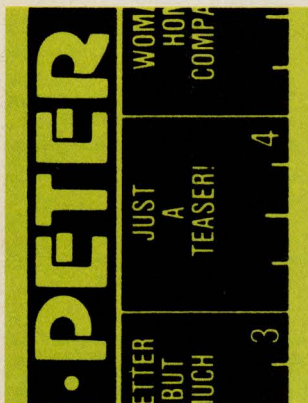
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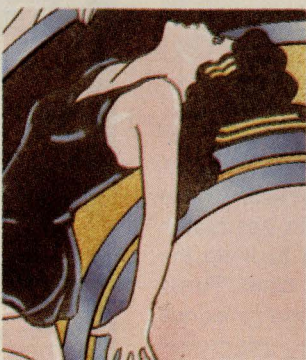
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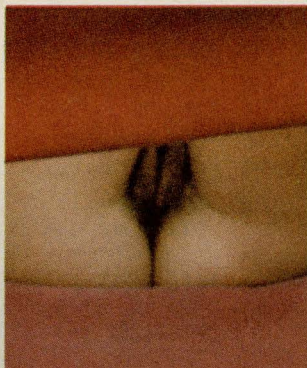
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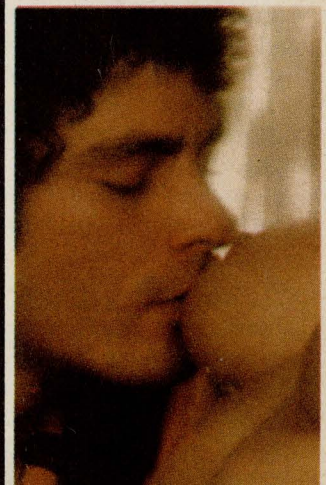
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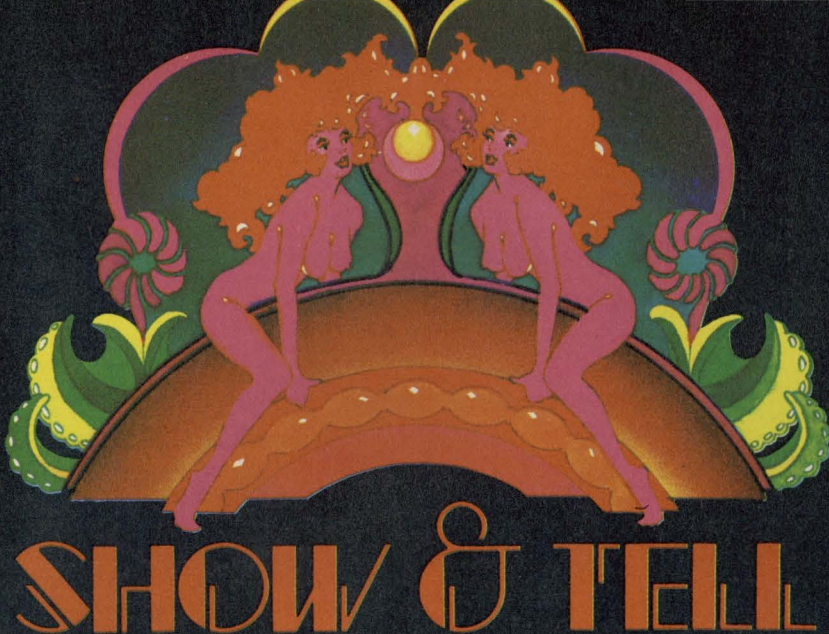
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CHARLES FRACCHIA

A healthy Californian who arrived there with no other movement than his mother's and his own, is author of two articles in this month's HUSTLER. The first is a review of the porno film extravaganza, "Sodom and Gomorrah;" the second is an in-depth interview with its producers, the Mitchell Brothers. Mr. Fracchia is a graduate of the University of San Francisco Law School; he spent ten years in banking, and helped finance the early operations of *Rolling Stone*.

CLARKE TAYLOR

A New York-based free lancer who specializes in the theatre and film scene, Mr. Taylor authored "The Rise of Harry Reems." He is a contributing editor to *New York, After Dark* and *Theatre Crafts* magazines and has written articles appearing in foreign publications as well as major newspapers around the U.S.; a solid accomplishment to show for his two years in the field.

RALPH HARDWELL

A faithful reader of HUSTLER since its inception and entry to the national scene, Mr. Hardwell makes his literary debut in our Kinky Korner. His writing experiences well describe his sexual ones, and we hope he continues to find the time to document them in the future for HUSTLER readers.

THOM McELDOWNEY

There is no question that this writer, author of HUSTLER's April fiction "The Fair in Affair Ain't Fair," lives a moment of his life under anything but humorous conditions. His biography, "Thom McEldowney . . . so what?" lists his main hobby as "looking out of windows." With this issue of HUSTLER, the 25-year-old comer to free-lancing breaks into the big time national market.

VALERIE BROWN

The newest addition to our staff, Valerie's creativity is eloquently captured on film in some of the most unique shots in this month's Bits & Pieces. She began by photographing male nudes, "since, at that time, they had not been photographically exploited." Now her main goal is to "present images which are catalysts for thought."

MIKE ROBERTS

HUSTLER's contributing editor to Sex Play, our newest feature attraction, writes from the seat of his pants to the crease in her crotch in a continuing effort to keep the Hustler abreast of What Turns Women On. Mr. Roberts' previous accomplishments include nose-bleeds, lesions, the clap and more. His collection of *Crabs from Around the World* will soon be on exhibit at the Washington Smithsonian. Don't miss it.

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Be our special guest whenever you visit one of the Hustler Clubs. Plus you will be playing an integral part in our world Public Relations effort.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Our Publisher, Larry Flynt, would like to offer an unusual opportunity to avid readers and subscribers of HUSTLER. Mr. Flynt feels that You should be given more consideration, so he is making it possible for staunch supporters to obtain an official Press Pass, authorized by him, personally. To become a holder of one of these prestigious cards, just demonstrate your loyalty and support by signing up three new subscribers. Within 10 days of the receipt of these subscription orders, you will receive your official HUSTLER Press Pass.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I purchased a copy of your December issue and it was so outstanding that I nearly failed to notice that some rascal had made off with pages 59 through 64 of my copy. I decided that if that dude was willing to risk a shoplifting charge in order to get those pages, then they must be exceptional. From looking through a friend's copy of HUSTLER, I found that they were. I want to take advantage of your back issue offer now because I'm sure that within a short time they'll be collectors' items. Thanks for the new concept in men's magazines.

Richard Avery
Houston, Tex.

(We gladly filled your back issue order but felt you should have a new December copy on us. Your collection is complete.)

You really put together a super January issue when you combined Olinka, Kimu, Anne, Brandy and Susan. I'm not a heavy breast man so Joey, while pretty, was not my biggest turn-on. That's one thing that makes HUSTLER unique; besides its explicit pictures, it has something for everyone. Love your magazine.

Larry Roberts
Cascade, Md.



Being a faithful reader of most major men's magazines, I thought little more could be done to improve them. Fortunately, I was wrong. I welcome HUSTLER as one of the most refreshing and well put-together publications. You've shown that there is more to women than just a bunch of blurred pubic hair.

John Brooks
Granada Hills, Ca.

I'm tired of dark, out-of-focus, airbrushed pictures that your competitors publish. You're the one!

J. C. Schock
Huntingdon, Pa.

Are you guys for real? I mean I know there's a HUSTLER on sale each month, but after looking at your masthead, I wonder if it's all just a put-on. I get the distinct feeling that this is another effort by either Hugh (Playboy) Hefner or Bob (Penthouse) Guccione to take up the slack left by lagging sales on their other magazines. Who is a Larry Flynt? an Allan Berrent? or a woman editor named Karen Paschke? And that's tame compared to the likes of: Bob Flora (and fauna?); Pat Garling (who must return annually to Capistrano); Wendell Gunlock (a nasty slur on impotence); Althea Leasure (need I say more?); and Laurence Felsenthal (probably a skinny kid off the street). In that group, R. D. Kinney might sound almost normal, but I know his initials probably stand for "Ree-Dickulous!" C'mon now. I love the magazine, but there's always this nagging doubt in my mind as to its authenticity. If it's going to turn into another rip-off like the aforementioned rags, I'm going to quit now while I'm ahead.

Name Withheld By Request
Ridgefield, Conn.

(After reading YOUR name, I can see why you wanted it withheld — I'm not sure you're leveling with us. HUSTLER is definitely "for real" and the closest we come to the the other magazines is our "printed invitation" to Guccione's girlfriend and Viva editor Kathy Keeton to model as one of our future girl features. It's a long story and explained in Bits & Pieces this month. All of the names listed on our masthead are authentic. I guess we're just a colorful group.)

The picture of "King Dong" (Bits & Pieces, Nov.) was unbelievable! Is he for real? How can I contact him? I think I can arrange for him to capitalize on his enormous "talent."

Rufus Watkins
Madison, Fla.

(He certainly is for real! Although we cannot release any information concerning our models, male or female, we have forwarded your letter to the "King" and hope everything works out for you.)



As a steady buyer of men's magazines on the newsstand, it took me a while before I finally figured out a way to ensure that I would get a complete and unthumbed-through copy of HUSTLER each month. I subscribed! Two months in a row I was shut out locally because all issues were sold and I had to travel 20 miles to get one. I was caught-up by your girl features from issue No. 1, but recently your articles began intriguing me as well. In the January issue, I found both "Death on the Installment Plan" and "The Gambler" very enjoyable. Thanks for a completely entertaining magazine.

Daniel Hall
Seattle, Wash.



HUSTLER

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My wife of forty years has recently complained about stinging urination after we make love. What can be done about this and what is the reason for it?

Max Sheffield
Madison, Wisc.

This is a common problem for women who have gone through menopause. If estrogen treatments fail to relieve painful intercourse and/or urination, then application of a cream before or after having sex may do the trick. Consult your physician for the proper cream.

My wife and I went on a vacation to Europe last year. We looked forward to it very much. We thought that during the trip, we would make love often since we would have more time and fewer pressures. It didn't turn out that way at all. We were tired from traveling and most of the time I couldn't even get it up. My wife was frustrated and I was embarrassed. Now we're starting to think about this year's vacation. What advice do your travel experts have?

Michael Nolan
Peoria, IL

The key to an erotic vacation—probably any kind of vacation—is relaxation. If you rush about catching planes, shopping, sightseeing, eating strange foods and drinking too much, that's definitely not relaxing. One of the best vacation spots is a slow-paced, sun-drenched place by the sea. Pick a hotel that has a sauna, whirlpool or heated pool. Warm water both relaxes your body and makes you more aware of it. Refer to our Entertainment Guide in choosing a spot. And most of all: don't worry, don't hurry—just enjoy. And send us a postcard.

My girl's a nymphomaniac, I'm not kidding. She's not satisfied doing it two or three times a night, and I can't keep a stiff one on longer than that. I'm scared she might go looking for another stud to satisfy her. Is there any way I can keep her in my bed?

Name Withheld by Request
Dallas, Tex.

Fucking isn't the only way of satisfying a girl who can't get enough sex. You have ten fingers and a tongue too, you know. After two or three times a night, your pulsating jolly-roger is going to be worn out, so you have to call in your other equipment for help.

Massaging her clitoris for long periods of time can keep her coming until she's finally satiated with pleasure. With a lot of women it's hard to find their clitoris, so don't think it's due to stupidity or inexperience on your part if you have trouble. Simply ask her to show you the area where it feels best to her. Get her to put your finger on the problem, in other words.

Sticking two or three fingers in and out of her vagina will give her the illusion of a penis entering her, and your fingers can remain hard all night if necessary. They should be good for a few orgasms, anyway.

Finally, get that old tongue down there and lap her until she yelps. Practically all women enjoy cunnilingus, and with a little practice you'll be doing it perfectly. If you have to sleep with your face between her legs for a few nights, it'll be worth it.

There's no reason for you to fear that she'll be going to another man. If the relationship is emotionally stable, few women go to other men for sexual reasons alone. It could be, however, that her not getting enough sex is due to some kind of emotional insecurity rather than physical frustration. Perhaps you just need to reassure her that you love her and care for her as a person. Be more physically affectionate in non-sexual ways. And if she's not special to you in an emotional sense, then why do you care whether she goes to another guy or not anyway?



"Look Miss, I know that I gave you fifty dollars to go to bed with me tonight, but my memory hasn't been too good lately, and . . . er . . . could you tell me what for?"

ARE YOU A G

THE WORLD'S GRE

presiding judges



larry flynt

Publisher of *Hustler Magazine*.



**samantha
mclaren**

Star of the new smash hit movie "Life and Times of Xavier Hollander" and self-acclaimed expert on sexual fetishes.

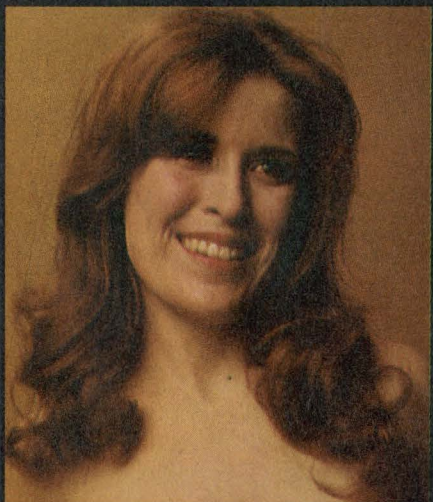


al goldstein

Editor of *Screw Newspaper*, one of the world's raciest sex tabloids, and connoisseur of delectable women. Al was *Playboy's* exclusive interview in their October 1974 issue.

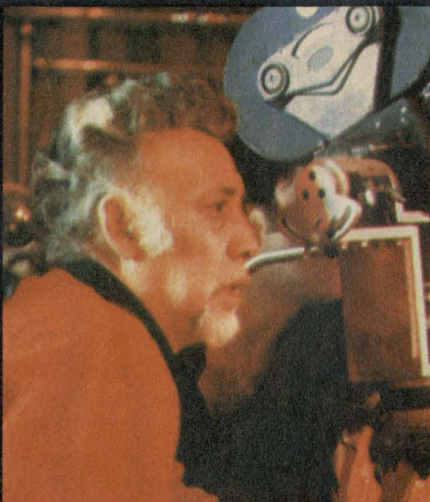
**jody
maxwell**

Star of Damiano's new release "Portrait" and considered to be the world's greatest fellatio artist. She can actually sing while performing her art.



jerry damiano

Considered to be the world's greatest porn producer. He produced and directed "Deep Throat," "Memories Within Miss Aggie," "Portrait" and many others.



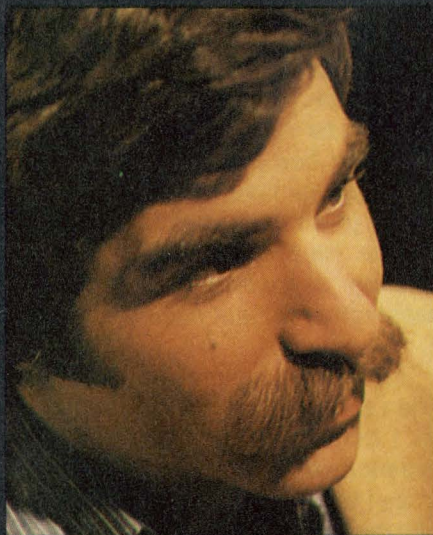
**honeysuckle
devine**

Burlesque queen by trade and a regular *Screw* contributor. Honeysuckle is known worldwide for her expertise in fellatio.



GREAT LOVER?

TEST? PROVE IT!!!



Harry Reems

A proven actor and foremost porno superstar and "stud." Reems has appeared in over 400 X-rated movies and made love to hundreds of women.

Hustler Magazine has taken an unprecedented step in launching a contest to discover the **WORLD'S GREATEST MALE LOVER** and we feel it is about time he receive credit for his talent, whoever he might be. There have been many contests involving every activity conceivable, but we feel this is one category that has been overlooked.

We know who the Don Juan of yesterday was, but we don't know who the Don Juan of today is. Hopefully, upon completion of this contest, we will have discovered the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** which should be of considerable interest to all people.

This contest will be based on two applications: one to be filled out by your wife, mistress or lover and one by you.

Six male finalists will be chosen; these six individuals will participate in final activities which will test their "lover" ability. The six main areas of judging (on a scale from 1 to 10) will be:

- a. Personal Appearance
- b. Personality
- c. Foreplay
- d. Oral Sex
- e. Stamina
- f. Intercourse Technique

How can you benefit from the contest?

The winner will be awarded:

1. an exclusive interview in **HUSTLER**.
2. a one-week all-expense paid vacation in Acapulco with the **HUSTLER** Honey of the Year (or any consenting girl of your choice.)
3. an appropriately designed, attractive trophy to add credence to your honor.

Presiding Judges: Judges will not be misinterpreted as participants. Their sole purpose will be to preside over the final activities and insure strict compliance with the rules and regulations governing the contest.

Employees of *Hustler Magazine* and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

Send in the coupon today and enter your application immediately. Only serious minded individuals need apply.

All entries must be received in our home office no later than June 15, 1975.

HUSTLER

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Please send additional information and application to enter the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** contest.

APRIL

I am over 18 years of age.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

My husband has a problem with premature ejaculation. It seems to me that he satisfies himself selfishly, leaving me out in the cold. He, on the other hand, maintains that premature ejaculation is not satisfying for him at all. Is he lying?

S.A. Hart
Fort Worth, Tex.

Premature ejaculation is often experienced as a failure, even a catastrophe, by a man. In this sense, it is anything but satisfying for him. However, the speed with which a man comes is a matter of opinion. Some couples enjoy making love for hours and others prefer "quickies." It all depends on your desires.

What is rimming?

George Bateman
Tucson, Az.

Kissing or licking the anus, which is very sensitive to such stimulus.

In anal sex, doesn't a woman feel she is just being used? It seems so animalistic. I can't imagine any normal woman really liking it.

Paul Sutherland
Cincinnati, Oh.

Women who have sensitive and considerate lovers say that anal intercourse can be a fantastic erotic and emotional pleasure. Both partners have to want it—fear or disgust is an absolute turn-off. Gentleness and lubrication are necessities, as well as the pressing on or manipulation of the woman's clitoris. Men sometimes say they feel closest to a woman when she enjoys taking their penis and semen into her mouth. Some women feel that way about a lover's cock in their rectum.

Is there such a thing as a female rapist?

Greg Thorbeck
East St. Louis, Mo.

Legally speaking, a woman who seduces a young boy or who assists

a man in the rape of another woman can be found guilty of rape.

As a result of more relaxed sexual attitudes, is jealousy going the way of the dinosaur?

Sam Rudder
Denver, Colo.

If sexual attitudes are truly becoming more relaxed—and people aren't just pretending—then jealousy probably is less prevalent today than it was in the past.

I have read a couple of articles recently that recommend masturbation as a good way for a woman to learn how to have an orgasm. I'd say that was true. I started masturbating when I was a teenager, almost ten years ago! When I started going with boys we would sometimes bring each other off during a heavy necking session. But I never had real intercourse until I got married a year ago. I like it, but I have never had an orgasm that way. Either my husband has to use his hand to make me climax, or I have to do it myself. I'm worried that I'll never be able to have an orgasm like most women do.

Name Withheld by Request
Benton Harbor, Mich.

You are probably having this problem because of your already established orgasm pattern. After all, when you have been doing something a certain way for ten years, it's hard to change. Besides, you're probably uptight from worrying about it. We believe that your husband can help you by a slight change in technique. Ask him to kiss and stroke you for a long time before inserting his penis. Tell him when you are almost ready to climax, so he can come in then. He should continue to manipulate your clitoris while he is entering you and even after he begins his thrusting movements. The stimulation of vagina and clitoris at the same time will probably bring you to orgasm. You may have to try different positions to find one that is comfortable for him while he is carrying on both these activities. But that can be interesting, too.

My boyfriend and I have had several fights about his smoking. It especially bothers me that he insists on sucking one cigarette after another after we have made mad passionate love. Is this his problem or mine? What do you think?

Terri Sharp
Phoenix, Az.

A bit of psychology may help you understand your anger and your boyfriend's need to smoke after sex. Intercourse should be a shared experience. Smoking is usually narcissistic satisfaction. If your boyfriend has problems sharing or giving of himself, he may feel a sense of emptiness following intercourse. He fills up his emptiness by inhaling a cigarette and gaining satisfaction without having to share.

My wife enjoys making love most when another woman is in bed with us. I don't mind the idea of having threesomes all the time, but sometimes I wonder if something's wrong with her.

Name Withheld by Request
Salina, Kan.

Just enjoy yourself, you lucky stiff! Do you know how many men would love to have your problem?

I feel that I get sexually aroused to an unusual degree around women, and practically every day I jerk myself off with my hands in my pockets while I'm looking at them. For some reason it excites me to know I'm having sexual orgasms right in front of them without them knowing what's happening. Sometimes I worry if I'm normal, though. What do you think?

Thomas Land
Albuquerque, N.M.

You sound pretty normal. Probably every guy in the world has done the same thing at some time or another, and you'd be surprised at how many guys do it on a regular basis like yourself. As far as that goes, you'd be surprised to know how many women are masturbating around you without you knowing anything about it. ■■

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



LARRY FLYNT
HUSTLER PUBLISHER

In my statement this month, I am going to make an unusual request of HUSTLER readers. Our censorship problems are still continuing in some areas of the country. The same magazine you bought this month might not be on sale in your area next month. Therefore, if you enjoy reading HUSTLER, I would like you to subscribe. It is not a question of money; due to high postage rates, we make much more profit from newsstand sales than we do from subscriptions. Subscribers also receive the magazine before it is available on newsstands and that in itself is a bonus. If you choose not to subscribe to HUSTLER, but would still like to see it available at your local retailer, let him know. Tell him you enjoy HUSTLER and would like to see it in his store.

We at HUSTLER have made every effort to give our readers an entertaining magazine and to involve

them in this effort. This approach has contributed to a success that has been somewhat of a phenomenon in the publishing industry, especially when you consider the number of other men's magazines available. All of this success has not been without problems, the chief enigma being censorship. I consider this to be the most flagrant violation of our Constitutional right since its origin some 200 years ago.

Censorship in itself is by no means as disturbing as the censor. A good example is the New York judge who ruled "Deep Throat" to be obscene. During the course of the trial it was necessary for the prosecutor to approach the bench to define, for the judge, the meaning of the "missionary" position. If this is the mentality of the people who are to decide what we may or may not read or see, it makes me wonder if we shall ever have true freedom to choose for our-

selves. I say, if you don't like fuck movies, don't see them. If you don't like fuck books, don't read them; but don't try to tell others who desire this what to do.

Recently the New York Daily News ran a front page photograph of an unclad male child who had died in Hurricane Fifi. His genitals had been air-brushed out. It was okay to show the child's dead body but not his penis. Even in the state of death, apparently his cock was too ugly for the eyes of anyone to see. That is the type of censorship that I detest the most and as long as it exists, my voice shall not be silent.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



BITS & PIECES

CONNED FADDISTS

As the popularity of astrology, witchcraft, and exorcism is increasing, so is the con game of asking you to invest your time and money in these activities.

It is now evident that tremendous numbers of people are caught in this maze of mystic mumble jumble and, without question, con men are making a fortune. Often, items sold are supposed to bring the owner wealth,

money or good health, but whether they provide any of this is very questionable.

Rings, pendants, and bracelets are the most common items offered and most all of these turn out to be cheap costume jewelry.

The Better Business Bureau in many cities has been inundated with complaints from purchasers who have either not received their "magic material" or, having received it, find it worthless. The Bureau recommends that if in doubt about an item's usefulness, it's better to pass it up.

A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE

The California state police are on the lookout for a "deviate thumbsucker." It seems that a young white male with a scraggly beard cruises the freeways picking up female hitchhikers. He takes the girls to a secluded area and, according to police reports, "performs unnatural and deviate oral gratification acts using his victims' thumbs against their will."

Doctor Kenneth T. Arndt, a California psychologist, has speculated that this thumbsucker has latent homosexual tendencies. Dr. Arndt suggests that the sight of a naked, erect female thumb allows him to gratify his homosexual desires in a heterosexual way.

Well, we've heard of earfuckers so why not a runamuck thumbsucker. Only in America.

SHORT PIECES OF NON-ESSENTIAL TRIVIA

Everyone knows that George Washington had wooden false teeth. A little known historical fact is that Mrs. Washington was once admitted to the hospital for an emergency operation to remove splinters from her vagina.

* * * * *

Undersea explorer Jacques Cousteau is writing a book about his hopes, dreams and ambitions. The working title is, are you ready? *Jacques Cousteau's Wet Dreams*.

* * * * *

The new system of measurement, the metric system, might turn out to be a real ego-booster. Instead of a man being ashamed of his six-inch penis, he can now boast that he is hung 15.24 centimeters. And a woman with measurements of 36-24-36 will now be a perfect 91.44, 60.96, 91.44 centimeters. What a pair of jugs!



BITS & PIECES



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PLAYMATE?

A short time after the September, 1974, issue of *Playboy* hit the newsstands, HUSTLER's roving photographer came across a girl whose most attractive asset bore a striking resemblance to that of the covergirl's claim to fame — with one obvious exception. No, it's *not* a new form of make-up. HUSTLER would like to know if that's the way *Playboy* treats all of its models.



KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

Attention all truck drivers. We hear from a very informed source that there is a bordello on wheels cruising the Midwest servicing all comers.

The "house of pleasure" is a 40-foot trailer complete with stereo, soft lights, bar and, of course, four small bedrooms. Painted red and white, the trailer usually can be found at truck stops doing a brisk business.

Why don't the police stop this whorehouse on wheels? Well, the answer is very simple. Whenever the state police stop the truck they are bribed in a very 'nice' way. Can you really blame the cops for not busting the girls?

The sign on the side of the truck, incidentally, is The MotherTrucker Keeps on Truckin'.

Kathy Keeton
Editor
Viva

Hustler requests the honor of your unclad body, as soon as you are available, for one of our girl features in a future issue. In this way, we feel we can introduce truly "class sex" to the public.

R.I.V.P.

Larry C. Flynt
Publisher
Hustler

If HUSTLER readers are somewhat stunned by our recognition of a semi-competitor, then you missed the "great debate" last November 26th when Mr. Flynt and Ms. Keeton met on the NBC "Tomorrow" show with host Tom Snyder. During the program, Ms. Keeton answered Snyder's query about why she had not posed for a men's magazine (including that of boyfriend publisher Bob "Penthouse" Guccione), by saying something to the effect that she hadn't been approached and, although she was 29 years old, she'd still like to be afforded the chance.

Well, we too feel that Ms. Keeton would be an "au naturel" for several reasons:

- some viewers felt she made an 'ass' of herself and 35% of HUSTLER readers prefer ass;

- she seemed to make a 'clean breast' of her emotions in referring to HUSTLER as "vulgar," and 38% of our readers are breast-men;
- her constant interruptions gave Flynt a pain in the groin and 48% go for the crotch;
- and, since she had so much to say about everything, we judge her to be candid. You guessed it, 91% of our audience likes an "open pussy."

So, although our method is somewhat unusual and perhaps reads a bit less than earnest, we are sincere in our offer.

Oh yes, one more reason for our invitation:

- a large number of our readers are clamoring for us to feature an "older woman" in HUSTLER.

BITS & PIECES

GIVE ME AN "F", GIVE ME A "U" ...

This item, which was not reported by any of the television networks or major newspapers for obvious reasons, involves the West Riverside Junior College. It seems that the entire college marching band was arrested for disorderly conduct immediately following one of their performances after making obscene formations.

The students were angry over attempts by school officials to censor the student newspaper. To protest these

attempts, the band marched into formations spelling "Fuck You" and "Kiss My Ass," done to the theme song from the movie "Deep Throat."

After numerous complaints to the school board representatives by parents and students, all charges against the band were dismissed.

Too bad the band wasn't on Monday Night Football. Howard, Frank and Alex would really have had something to talk about.

WANTED: ALL TOOTH FAIRIES

The National Dental Association of Scotland has made a study which shows that the people of that country have the fewest teeth per capita of any other country.

The report states that 44% of the population have false teeth, both upper and lowers. This could be due to the fact that 53% of the people questioned do not see a dentist until they are actually in pain. They do not believe in preventive dental care.

Why do the people of Scotland have so many tooth problems, you ask? Well, it seems that the residents of the country consume 180 pounds of sugar per person annually. Also, the country does not fluoridate its water. It seems the fluoridation makes the water unfit to produce the country's famous whiskeys.

Now that's a country after our hearts.



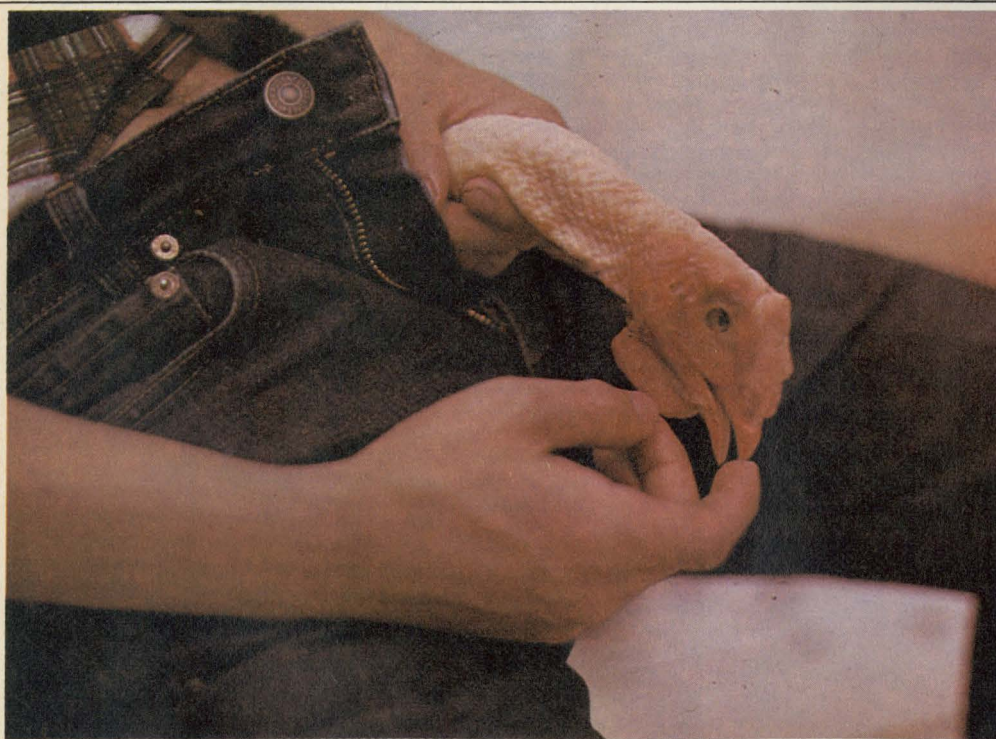
SEE ME, FEEL ME, BUT DON'T SMELL ME

The American people are preoccupied with their own body odors. The Madison Avenue advertisers have known this for years. We've had mouth odor, underarm odor, foot odor and, finally vaginal odor. Rumors have it that a new odor is about to hit America square in the nose.

The newest odor is, are you ready, ear odor. Yes, that's it, sickening ear odor otherwise known as SEO. Maybe that's the reason why no one has nibbled on your ear recently. Get ready for the onslaught of television commercials telling you to, "Listen to the sounds of love, clean out your ears."

This year the ear, and maybe next year they will invent a pill to make sweet smelling farts. Imagine that, you will be able to fart in lavender, pine and wintergreen scents.

Ain't progress wonderful!



NEW PECKING ORDER

Some twenty years ago, so the story goes, the Colonel found his wife brutally pecked and laying in the dust outside the hen

house. Naturally, the rooster got the finger of blame. The Colonel took the cock to market. But by chance or fate, nine months later his dear

wife gave birth to a healthy little cock... er... boy-child. (ugh!) What would Linda Lovelace do in a case like this, we ask.

like what you see?

See this and more by subscribing now to the most revolutionary men's magazine in the world today.

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HUSTLER

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BITS & PIECES



THE COST OF A DOG

What are you willing to give for your dog?

A woman in Cologne, West Germany, was about to give

it all. It seems that the family pet, a Yorkshire terrier named Monki, was missing and the entire family became so distraught that the 30-year-old blonde wife offered a special reward to any man returning the pet. "An ecstatic night of love," as the offer read, brought out the entire Cologne Fire Department. It looked like a gang-bang would certainly follow, after the welcomed return of Monki, but the firefighters backed out and accepted drinks instead.

So it goes for the drunk and horny Fire Department of Cologne, West Germany.

AGELESS SWINGERS

If you think because you have received your first pension or Social Security check your sex life is about over, forget it.

Albert Kubiniece, 90, has been accused by his wife, Mrs. Louise Kubiniece, 82, of carrying on publicly with a younger woman, Mrs. Mary Reizer, 81, who he met at a geriatric swinging club.

Mrs. Reizer is being sued for a quarter of a million dollars in an "alienation of affection" suit.

Mrs. Kubiniece's lawyer has brought the suit to court, but no date has been set for the hearing. Albert, a retired cemetery maintenance man, still lives at home, but refused comment.

Mrs. Kubiniece says she doesn't want to divorce her husband, but added that she missed having a man around the house. They have been married for 42 years.



SEX ON TELEVISION

Someone finally took a survey to find out about the general attitudes toward sex on television. The survey was conducted by the Institute of Television Viewer Awareness based in Romeoville, Illinois.

When asked, "Do you enjoy sex on television?" — 37% of the respondents said they enjoyed sex only on a Sony; 78% did not favor Panasonic because the an-

tenna placement made for great discomfort.

Most of the people surveyed stated that they preferred sex on a console model television, simply because the console offers more space than a portable. Also, the console doesn't move around when things get cooking.

And who said they should get sex off of television?



EROTIC TREAT

This month's featured lunch is a gourmet treat prepared by Eddie Louie, a New York erotic sculptor, for a couple of friends. A sliced

ham specialty indicates his generous attitude towards McElligotty and Fichter, honored guests. Demonstrating the versatility of the

artist's touch, he seems to have captured an oozing portion of red roe that would whet the appetites of all who eat—or are eaten!

GUARANTEED TO BE PERFECT • PETER METER • LAY IT DOWN BOYS

FOR LARGE GIRLS & SMALL CATTLE	FOR SECRETARY'S DELIGHT!	WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION	JUST A TEASER!	SEEN BETTER DAYS BUT NOT MUCH	95 PERCENT IMAGINATION	JUST A WATER SPOUT - SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GIRL	FOR HOME WRECKER SIZE	FOR BAR ROOM BETTING ONLY
7	6	5	4	3	2	1	8	9

PETER METER ELIMINATES THE GUESSWORK

As long as there are pricks in this world (not the kind you meet every day), there'll be a market for HUSTLER's Peter Meter among those who want to eliminate the uncertainty of how they rate. As you can see, the Meter can gauge any cock that protrudes beyond wart-size and takes it up to a braggart-like nine inches. Most men will measure up within those bounds because the researched average is around the five- or six-inch mark.

It brings up an interesting thought, however, as to the average depth of a vagina. For that, of course, you'd have to find a gauge that is comfortable. Another research project, although not as thoroughly studied, says that vagina depth is more on the order of nine inches. Combining all that knowledge and computing the number of men and women in the world,

it is easy to believe that there must be something like a thousand miles of vagina "going to waste" each month — not counting lesbians and hermaphrodites.

And recently the possibility was raised about making the Peter Meter into a phallic shape from hard plastic. But the idea was rejected when it was brought up that some women, rather than go to the trouble of finding a man, would employ the gadget for strategic purposes. Perhaps some of you with inventive minds could come up with something to serve both purposes. Of course, no other name but Vagi-Meter would be appropriate.

BICENTENNIAL REPORTS

Since our country is fast approaching its bicentennial year, we feel that it is time that some little known historical facts receive some publicity:

—When George Washington crossed the Delaware he was standing in the boat. Many historians cannot understand why he did not sit. The reason? Hemorrhoids.

—The first prostitute in America was an Englishwoman named Priscilla Johnston. It was Priscilla who helped to save the Army at Valley Forge by servicing the troops and thereby boosting morale. It is reported that she died of old age at 22. Now that's patriotism.

—Contrary to popular reports of Nathan Hale's last words, he was not as noble

as reported. He did not say "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." His last words actually were, "Where the hell is George Washington when you really need him?"

—The term "Minuteman" did not originate because the men could be ready to fight

at a moment's notice. The term was coined by a wife of one of the men who was dissatisfied with his sexual stamina.

—The first meeting of the Continental Congress was our country's first convention. In addition to writing the Declaration of Independence, the men also got drunk, picked up some broads and dropped bags filled with water from their hotel windows on pedestrians below.

—Why did John Hancock sign the Declaration of Independence in such a bold script? Historians take note. He was stoned on some dynamite hash and his perception was slightly off.

—Ben Franklin was a well known comedian in England before he immigrated to America. He performed on the English stage under the name of Benny Youngman. When he arrived in this country he changed his name to Franklin; otherwise, he would have been the only Jew in the country.



BITS & PIECES

BITS & PIECES

NEW TIMES CLICKS

There's a relatively new magazine on the "legit" market that's causing as much favorable comment among feature news readers as *Hustler* is in its realm of girl-watchers.

Its name is *New Times* and its aim is to put investigation back into reporting. The magazine, behind Publisher George A. Hirsch and Editor Jonathan Z. Larsen, is dishing out its news in a much more readable style and format than other major news journals, such as *Time* and *Newsweek*.

"We don't feel we're in competition with those other magazines," says Assistant Editor Karen Sacks, "be-

cause people who read them will also read *New Times*. The stories are usually not about the same subjects or else they're presented from a different viewpoint.

"Actually, we consider ourselves in between *Time* and *Rolling Stone* in style."

The formula must be clicking quite well because by its One Year Anniversary issue last October, *New Times* had topped 160,000 readers and

projects 200,000 by May 1.

Its rise in popularity has been no accident. It's all been planned through the running of exclusive interviews with newsmakers like Steven Weed (former boyfriend of Patricia Hearst) and Robert Vesco (during the Mitchell-Stans trial); and stories like the disclosure of a secret CIA base in Arizona. All their coverage gives an in-depth look at what's truly happening. Said one enthusiastic reader: "They put honesty and depth into their reporting without giving the impression of knocking something or someone just for the sake of knocking."

Readers of *New Times* and *Hustler* are similar in several respects: the audience is young (average in the late



20s); bright (the majority have some college education); and single.

It all proves an interesting theory: If you come up with an old idea and update it to fit the ever-changing desires of today's public, you can make a success of any business venture. The secret is to "hustle" and keep up with the "new times."

BATTLING IN THE BUFF

A psychologist in New Jersey has recommended a method to stop fights between lovers. Dr. Clayton T. Jensenovich of the Institute of Aggressive Studies suggests that when an argument arises between a man and a woman, both should remove all clothing.

Fighting in the nude, according to the doctor, will reduce the hostility in both parties and break the tense mood which had existed.

It's our opinion that Dr. Jensenovich might have something there. A good knock-down, drag-'em-out fight just might lead to a very passionate love-making night. Just remember, don't kick her if she's down . . . especially if she's down on you at the time.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON OF THE MONTH



WIPE THAT SHIT EATING GRIN OFF YOUR FACE!

HUSTLER

PORN REVIEW

Hustler Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-rated flicks flooding the market today. Those which are and are not worthwhile and why. Our star rating system is based on quality for your money, so you can refer to it in good faith. All movies listed can be seen at your local adult movie house.

RATING GUIDE

- ★ —Not suggested; not at all worthwhile.
- ★★ —Reliable; a few redeeming qualities.
- ★★★ —Suggested; guaranteed to tease or please.
- ★★★★ —Highly suggested; the best in all respects.

WET RAINBOW (★★★★)

Starring veterans Harry Reems and Georgina Spelvin, WET RAINBOW effectively combines a moving dramatic theme with sensual and explicit sex. Not to be forgotten—nor will she be—is Valerie Marron, making her cinematic debut.

The picture, which is well worth seeing, deals with Jonathan, a happily married college instructor, being literally mesmerized by one of the female pupils in his photography class. Young and extremely attractive, Rainbow has an innocent and yet highly erotic quality about her which he finds impossible to erase from his memory.

In a guileless gesture, meant to show how much she has learned about the art of taking photos, Rainbow gives her teacher a nude photo of herself—a self-portrait—in the form of a color slide. Later at home, he projects the transparency on the wall and, along with his wife, Valerie, becomes enticed by the pure beauty of Rainbow's naked body. Together,

they conjure up thoughts of making love to the girl—the first fantasy of this type they have ever indulged in. It is a strong one.

Caught in the grip of their newly-discovered feelings, Jonathan expresses an interest in forming a threesome. Much to his surprise, and delight, Valerie agrees to go along with the idea. But, approached by Jonathan the next day, Rainbow refuses an offer to come over to their apartment for “dinner.” Indeed, she appears more interested in self-gratification, to the extent of creating a papier-maché dummy, complete with a rigid and life-like male organ. In a graphic masturbation scene, Rainbow is seen straddling the dildo affixed to the groin of her make-believe lover, whom she has named Sammy.



Meanwhile, in their duplex apartment, Valerie is still entranced by the portrait. Eyes fixed on the projected image of Rainbow, she begins to breathe heavily. The attractive housewife, unable to fight the erotic emotions swelling in her loins, relieves herself manually in a desperate attempt to obtain satisfaction. Returning that same evening, Jonathan is shocked and bewildered to hear of the day's events. “I spent the whole afternoon staring at her crotch,” Valerie exclaims, near hysterics, unable to cope with her obviously lesbian feelings toward Rainbow. “Just thinking about her, I had to jerk-off!”



Jonathan cannot admit to his wife that he has been rebuked. He realizes that the situation has gotten out of control and commands Valerie to put the image of Rainbow out of her head.

But, with each passing day, Valerie becomes increasingly possessed by the photo, until she is completely overwhelmed by the image of this strangely tantalizing nymph. Indeed, Valerie cannot eat or sleep. Nightmares stalk her each resting hour. Finally, in a desperate attempt to rid herself of this gripping fever, she goes to Rainbow's apartment and threatens violence, maintaining that she knows of Rainbow's secret desire for Jonathan. An argument ensues in which Valerie rips Rainbow's clothes off. The madness quickly turns to lust, and Valerie, unable to control her pent-up desires any longer, begins to caress and suck Rainbow's breasts. Coming to her senses, Valerie breaks free of the girl and runs home.

The next day, Valerie's equilibrium has returned and she begins to put thoughts of Rainbow aside, going so far as to throw away the nude color slide, but only until her doorbell rings. For Rainbow has come to see her, explaining that Valerie's act has "awakened" her and that she is in no way offended by what transpired between them. Seizing the situation, Rainbow becomes the aggressor and Valerie cannot resist her advances, so the two women spend an entire day loving each other.



Ready to leave, hours later, Valerie explains she does not want to see Rainbow again; that she is too much in love with her husband. Rainbow suddenly sees the "writing on the wall" and realizes what she must do in order to continue the relationship. She must lure them both into the web of heated sex. Rainbow does this by seducing Jonathan in the school dark room, performing fellatio on him after he has been "worked-up" by looking at candid photos of Rainbow's roommate and boyfriend engaged in sexual acrobatics.

The movie draws to an exciting conclusion, with Jonathan, Valerie and Rainbow coming together for the express purpose of forming a ménage-a-trois. Merged in ecstasies of physical pleasure, the three no longer need hold in their secret desires and emotions. *It's finally all in the open.*

With fine acting, excellent cinematography and a structured plot going in its favor, WET RAINBOW is destined to become a classic in the annals of X-rated motion pictures.



COME FLY WITH US (***)

A good solid turn-on flick; what is missed in the way of plot and script is more than made up for in the explicitness of the sex scenes (one in particular of a young lovely giving head amongst the horses in a stable.) A certain amount of style can be derived from the photography and the cast consists of many new and interesting young bodies which makes it a most erotic film.

FANTASY GIRLS (**)

A rather disappointing film from the cameras of Alex deRenzy, it leaves much to be desired despite its hard-core activity. The plot barely survives the male fantasies acted out by five "actresses" in a massage parlor with dialogue, unfortunately, to match. You'll probably leave here with an empty feeling—\$3.50 to \$5.00 worth.

MEMORIES WITHIN MISS AGGIE (****)

An excellent Jerry Damiano interpretation of the best aspects of both art film techniques and the porno field genre. A very heavy turn-on flick, the plot is about an old woman, Deborah Ashire, attempting to remember her past and in doing so, consistently lapses into fantasy. This is Damiano's best and one of the finer flicks in the porno field.



DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES (*)

In their original state, both of these movies were excellent. However, after being submitted to the censor's scissors, they have lost all sex action and are straight soft core. The best scenes are lying on the censor's floor.



BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR and THE RESURRECTION OF EVE (****)

Both are Mitchell Brothers specials and probably their best. Starring the Ivory Snow kid herself, Marilyn Chambers, you won't be disappointed by her ability and charm or the sexciting scenes.

SODOM and GOMORRAH (****)

Mitchell Brothers Productions has scored not just another success with this colossal Biblical pageant, but a four-star venture which is destined to become a classic among porno flicks. It offers hard-core sex in varied abundance including: group and lesbian sex, self-fellatio, oral and anal copulation and, as kind of a side-light, straight fucking. The effort cost the Mitchells more than \$500,000 to produce and is definitely worth the admission price. (See story on its conception and filming on Page 66).

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

HUSTLER provides the best and most concise guide to entertainment than any other major men's publication. It features new clubs opening up, old favorites around town and a complete listing of classical entertainment events plus the best in massage parlors in the city. After conducting business affairs all day, touring the city or just passing thru, pick up a copy of **HUSTLER**. Enjoy the beautiful women, captivatiing articles and fine humor then let yourself be guided to the best places in town thru our Entertainment Guide. It fills you in on what's happening and where. Because of limited space, it is impossible to list all of the major cities each month. If you don't find what you're looking for in this issue, watch for it next month.

ARIZONA

Phoenix: Whether you prefer gourmet dining atop the **Valley Center** overlooking the lights of Phoenix or a luncheon of cheese, bread, and wine on a shaded patio, the **Valley of the Sun** provides the finest. **El Maya** serves up the best of Mexican dishes and **The Great Wall** is known for its authentic Chinese cuisine. Also try traditionals like **John's Green Gables** and **Lenny Montl's** for succulent steaks and seafood. Night spots range from wide open atmosphere at **The Boojum Tree** in the **Doubletree Inn** to a country-western flavor at **Harry's Capri**. **Gigi's** is another favorite and the **Wild Bill Moses Club** comes up with unique programs to keep you happy. The territory where you can really let it all hang out is at your very friendly massage parlor. **The French Connection** is one of the better relax-and-pleasure shops along with **Twin Knoll's Playful Kitten**, **7th Heaven** and **Cloud 9 Massage**. Tuck it back in for sightseeing at **Dobbins Lookout** which provides a panoramic view of thousands of square miles from its 2,300-foot elevation. Hiking and saddle trips thread through the desert at **South Mountain Park**. Two special events are on tap for March: the **Don's Club** sponsors the annual **Lost Dutchman Mine** mountain trek and the **Phoenix Rodeo of Rodeos** will be in town. Parimutuel dog and horse racing is available and professional baseball hits it big with Spring training and exhibition games. In their final full month of **NBA** action, the **Phoenix Suns** host: Chicago, the 6th;

Houston, the 8th; New York, the 18th; Portland, the 21st; Milwaukee, the 25th; Detroit, the 27th; and KC-Omaha, the 29th.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: While slower than it once was during its heyday, L.A. is still in there pitching for tourist dollars. Big-name stars frequent the **Beverly Hilton International Ballroom**, the **Ambassador's Coconut Grove** and **Century Plaza**, but that's about it. What does this fine city have to replace it with? Perhaps a little more personal service at a fine lineup of massage parlors like **College Massage** (with young and tender students), **Atlantis Massage**, **Powder Puff** and the **Asian Massage**. Night life jumps at **The Other Ball**, **The Fez** and **Quo Vadis**. Turning to good food to fill an evening and a person, **Colombo's** awaits with an outstanding Italian mood. Don't pass up **Imperial Gardens** for a great experience in Japanese cuisine. Scandinavian food lovers should stop at **Scandia**. **Robert Shaw** conducts **St. John Passion** by Bach at the **Music Center** on March 22nd. At the **Mark Taper Forum**, "The Dybbuk," a very entertaining and moving drama, is still running until the 16th. The **Los Angeles Philharmonic** is on display with **Sidney Harth** and **Zubin Mehta** surrounding March guest conductor **Carlo Maria Giulini** on the podium. Los Angeles' three professional (winter) teams all see home acting during their final full month. The **NBA Lakers**, coached by **Bill Sharman**, meet:

Chicago, the 7th; Houston, the 9th; Golden State, the 16th; New York, the 18th; Seattle, the 21st; Milwaukee, the



ROBERT SHAW

23rd; KC-Omaha, the 28th; and Phoenix, the 30th. The **NHL Kings** face-off with: St. Louis, the 2nd; California, the 5th and 21st; Chicago, the 7th; Boston, the 9th; Pittsburgh, the 13th; Detroit, the 16th; Toronto, the 19th; Vancouver, the 23rd; New York Islanders, the 28th; and Montreal, the 30th. The **WHA Sharks** play: Cleveland, the 5th; Edmonton, the 8th; Minnesota, the 10th and 22nd; Houston, the 16th; New York, the 20th; and Winnipeg, the 24th.

San Francisco: When in this city, the "Golden Gate" is more than a bridge — it's an encounter with one of the many massage parlors which boast some of

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

the most beautiful and accomplished girls in the world. **Venus Massage Studio** promises to "give you a hand" with any hard problem; **Eve's Massage Studio** in Berkeley deals with your pleasure quite well; and the **Executive Massage Studio** wants you to let them "lick" your problems away. If you need a more explicit invitation, then you're beyond their help. For exciting night clubs, you can drop in at **Minnies Can-Do**, the **Yellow Brick Road** or the **Clement Mixer**. Live plays make the scene at the **Kabuki Theatre**, **Little Fox Theatre** and the **Filmt Center**. Fine dining can be yours at world-famous **Trader Vic's**, **Shield's** or **La Bourgogne**. And, if the weather cooperates, the **Japanese Tea Garden** at **Golden Gate Park** will hold a celebration around the end of the month for the blooming of the cherry trees. On the **NBA** trail at San Francisco, star forward **Rick Barry** and the **Golden State Warriors** play: Cleveland, the 1st; Chicago, the 4th; Buffalo, the 13th; Seattle, the 15th; Phoenix, the 18th; Portland, the 20th; Milwaukee, the 22nd; Los Angeles, the 25th; and Detroit, the 29th. For the **California Golden Seals** in the **WHA**, home games are: Chicago, the 6th; Boston, the 10th; Detroit, the 13th; Pittsburgh, the 15th; Toronto, the 22nd; Los Angeles, the 24th; New York Islanders, the 27th; and Montreal, the 29th.

COLORADO

Denver: Some of the world's finest skiing is found in this area and March is a good time to try it out. It can produce some tremendous "hungries," however, so head for some traditional favorites like **House of the Kings**, **Lufon's**, **Jake's Restaurant** at the **Regency Inn**, **Thieves Market**, **Shakespeare's Boogie** and the **London Grill**. The Market and Boogie also provide entertainment. Topless girls huddle in the **Clown's Den** and **Sid King's Crazy Horse Bar**. One thing that seems to have been overlooked is an abundance of massage parlors — a necessity to heal bumps and bruises suffered on the slopes. Of the few in operation, we suggest the **Far East Oriental Steam Bath and Massage** and **Elnora's Unique Health Salon**. The **Denver Symphony Orchestra** has several performances with **Ferrante & Telcher** playing on the 7th, and **Leroy Anderson** on the 28th at the **Auditorium Theatre**.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

D.C. - Baltimore: In the nation's capital, you can probably get all the excitement

you need, from night clubbing to mid-night swimming. But if you crave more, a look around town for the tender ministrations available at various massage parlors will keep you "up" nights. **La Femme Fatale** includes milk baths, **Vincent Studios** is staffed by international beauties, and **Kee's** provides an all-Oriental group. **Playhouse After Dark**, **The Cave** and the now-famous (à la Wilbur Mills) **Junkanoo** are all swinging night spots to visit. **Trudy Ball's Empress** gets a top rating for serving classic dishes of old China like Peking Duck and Mongolian Barbecue. A bastion of French provincial cooking is **Le Pauvre Immigrant**. The **Don Quijote** reflects Spain and adds flamenco dancers. It's really tough to find an authentic American restaurant around here. The **Waaay-Off-Broadway Theatre** provides excellent stage productions. Just a little north, Baltimore sets up stiff competition with places like the **Esquire Massage Parlor** and **Annette's Salon of Massage** and restaurants such as **Tom Jones** and many seafood spots. When in this city, the **Babe Ruth Birthplace Shrine and Museum** is a thrill and the **U.S.F. Constellation** gives you a look back at American Naval history. Basketball is thriving in D.C. where **Wes Unseld** and **Elvin Hayes** pace the **Washington Bullets** in home battles against these **NBA** foes: Los Angeles, the 2nd; Atlanta, the 5th; Philadelphia, the 9th; Houston, the 12th; Boston, the 19th; Cleveland, the 22nd; Buffalo, the 26th; and Chicago, the 30th.

FLORIDA

Miami-Ft. Lauderdale: The "season" is coming to a close here and with it go the high prices that draw the rich people from around the world. Left behind are the same hotels and motels, the same restaurants, night clubs, massage parlors and other tourist attractions — but at lower cost. The **Coral Terrace**, **Patio Room** and **Caribe Cafe** all draw a betting crowd to the **Biscayne Dog Track** for racing and dining. Steak gourmets should try the **Criterion I** and colorful floor shows dress up meals at **Les Violins** and the **Flamenco** supper clubs. Other night time favorites are the **Seven-Seas Club** and **Place Pigalle**. The **Seminole Health Club** presents a nude theatre performance and **The Theatre** draws for "legit" shows. When the fun-and-sun activities leave you wound up, drop by **Dorothy's Massage**, **Royal Massage Studio** or **Goddess of Love** for a relaxing time with tender hands of

women easing the nerves. Up the road at Fort Lauderdale, the **Play Pen** and **Bachelors Three** serve fine dinners and entertainment.

GEORGIA

Atlanta: When arriving here, be prepared for lots of old time Southern hospitality at many restaurants including: **Fan & Bill's**, **Herrn's**, **Aunt Fanny's Cabin** and **Pitty Pat's Porch**. Posh eateries include **Hugo's** in the **Hyatt Regency Hotel** and the **Top of the Mark** at **Stouffer's**. The **Abbey** has an excellent continental menu with variations to please all from "steak & potato" people to the gourmet diner. They also have a wine cellar that is certain to guarantee pleasure. The **Civic**



ROBERT MERRILL

Center offers fine music from **Earl Scruggs** to **Henry Mancini**; **Boots Randolph** to **Robert Merrill**. Its March slate was not set at this writing. The **Barn Dinner Theatre**, **Kelly's Seed & Feed Theatre** and the **Georgia State University Players** consistently produce fine plays such as "Hello Dolly" and "As You Like It." Whatever you want, Atlanta has it. In the sports arena, the **Atlanta Hawks** of the **NBA** give home fans entertainment against: Los Angeles, the 4th; Golden State, the 6th; New Orleans, the 8th; Washington, the 11th; Milwaukee, the 13th; Phoenix, the 16th; Philadelphia, the 22nd; Portland, the 25th; and Cleveland, the 29th. In the **NHL**, the **Flames** host: Vancouver, the 3rd; Boston, the 5th; Minnesota, the 8th and 30th; New York Rangers, the 21st; New York Islanders, the 24th; and Philadelphia, the 28th.

ILLINOIS

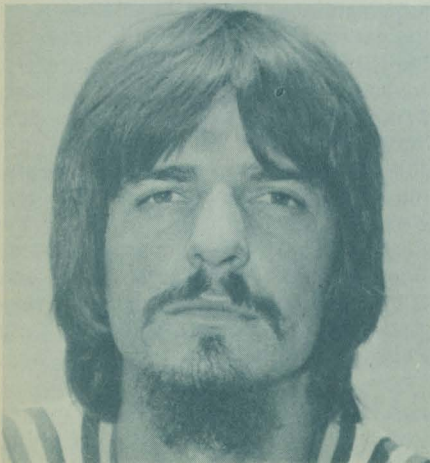
Chicago: A tone of warmth should be sneaking in the back door as Spring begins to make an appearance here. For

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

dining, we suggest **Chez Paul** with a delicate French menu or the **Nantucket Grove** for excellent seafood. **Rodity's** features homemade bread daily to accompany rich Greek dishes like flaming *sagaraki* and tyros, and the **Sabre Room** adds excitement by serving dinners on flaming sabres. The **Arle Crown Theatre** did not have its monthly shows confirmed at this writing, but top stars in the fabulous **McCormick Place Exposition Center** are a common occurrence. Naked girls romp at the **Upstairs Lounge**, **41 Club** and the **Roman House**. If you go in for the finer pleasures of sensual contact, you can let it all hang out at **Tillie's Massage**, the **Riviera Club** or **Parkway Baths**. The **Lyric Opera of Chicago** is engaged in its 20th season and the **Art Institute** offers a constant display of fine talent. Winter sports are in their final full month of action. In **NBA** activity, the **Bulls** host: Boston, the 11th; Detroit, the 14th; Milwaukee, the 16th; Philadelphia, the 18th; KC-Omaha, the 21st; Houston, the 25th; and Cleveland, the 27th. The **NHL Black Hawks** with goalie **Tony Esposito** test home ice against: Montreal, the 13th; Atlanta, the 17th; Buffalo, the 20th; Minnesota, the 24th; and St. Louis, the 31st. The **Cougars of WHA** action, host: Cleveland, the 1st and 19th; Toronto, the 3rd; New England, the 5th and 12th; Winnipeg, the 9th; Minnesota, the 14th; Quebec, the 16th; Vancouver, the 21st; New York, the 23rd; and Edmonton, the 26th.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: Welcome to New Orleans, the city that is truly unique. There are great things in store for you — the charm and color of the **French Quarter**, the bolsterous fun of **Bourbon Street** at night, the gracious luxury of the **Garden**



PETE MARAVICH

District. There are sights, music and some of the world's finest food to savor. Some of that can be ordered at **Tujague's**, **Riverboat Tchefuncte** and **Louis XVI** where French and creole dishes are tops. Night entertainment suggestions include the **Sho-Bar** with continuous burlesque, **Pete Fountain's French Quarter Inn** with Pete himself performing, or the **Beverly Dinner Playhouse** which features top Broadway hits. **Le Petite Theatre Du Vieux Carre** has a double playbill set from March 7th to the 22nd with **"Next"** and **"The Real Inspector Hound."** The **New Orleans Opera Guild** offers the **Harkness Ballet** on the 14th and the **New Orleans Opera Association** is right there with **"Lohegrin"** on the 13th, 14th and 15th. Sports are featured as **"Pistol Pete" Maravich** and the **New Orleans Jazz** play home court duels with **NBA** rivals: Los Angeles, the 5th; Golden State, the 7th; Cleveland, the 9th and 16th; Atlanta, the 14th and 30th; Washington, the 21st; Detroit, the 23rd; KC-Omaha, the 25th; and New York, the 28th.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: The "tea-party" town brings to mind one thought immediately — Culture. And it is presented through a series of concerts by the **Boston Symphony Orchestra** in its 94th season. **Seiji Ozawa** is guest conductor through most of the month with **Peter Maag** taking over the 27th, 28th and 29th. **Beethoven**, **Strauss**, **Bach** and **Mozart** get all the play except for March 11th when **Messiaen** arrangements are featured. At the same time, various other melodies will be played at the city's many massage havens. **Girl Power of Boston** will send a masseuse to your home or office for a relaxing interlude. **Skandia Sauna Senter** sends thrills on a rampage, and the **Roman Sauna Center** promises "experts." Worthwhile night clubs are at a premium. At present, **Averof Restaurant** with Greek cuisine and belly dancing floor shows is among the most entertaining. Also drop in on **My Ladies Lib Cafe** or the **Copa Lounge**. Exotic atmosphere highlights the **South Pacific Restaurant**; succulent baked stuffed shrimp is a feature of **Gundlach's Hofbrauhaus**; and **Joe Tecce's** serves the finest in Italian fare. The defending **NBA** champion **Celtics** are at home to: Golden State, the 9th; Phoenix (at Hartford), the 12th; Portland, the 14th; Houston, the 16th; Buffalo, the 21st; New York, the 23rd; New Orleans, the 26th; and Chicago, the 28th. In the **NHL**, the

Bruins, headed by **"Golden Boy" Bobby Orr**, host: Toronto, the 3rd; Buffalo, the 12th; New York Rangers, the 17th; St. Louis, the 21st; Atlanta, the 23rd; Montreal, the 24th; and Detroit, the 31st. The **New England Whalers** of the **WHA** meet: Vancouver, the 2nd; Edmonton, the 20th; Los Angeles, the 27th; Cleveland the 28th; and Quebec, the 31st.

MICHIGAN

Detroit: It's been a hard Winter for the Motor City due to layoffs at the automobile plants and the overabundance of snow. Well, the latter problem should start to clear this month. And for those whose troubles seem to be endless, there's always the massage parlors like the **Japanese Sauna**, **Uptown Athletic Club** and **Olegnatari's Swedish Massage**. At **Glam-O-Rama**, **Les Exotiques**, an exotic dance troupe, is featured, and the **Soul Expression No. 2** hosts local music and celebrity guests. Detroit and its suburbs are filled with restaurants and it's hard to pick the best unless you choose the most expensive. That would be the **London Chop House** with a varied menu of steaks and seafood. **La Mediterranee** is another award-winner. **Jim's Garage** serves you in an antique auto motif and **Joe Meur's** is the best for seafood dining. A new dinner theatre worth attending is the **Elmwood Casino**. The **Detroit Pistons** of the **NBA** are visited by the following: KC-



ALEX DELVECCHIO

Omaha, the 9th; Los Angeles, the 11th; Boston, the 18th; Houston, the 21st; and Portland, the 26th. Veteran forward **Alex DelVecchio** and the **Red Wings** take on **NHL** opposition with: Boston, the 2nd; Chicago, the 3rd and 30th; Atlanta, the 10th; New York Rangers, the 23rd; and Buffalo, the 27th.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis-St. Paul: Entertainment is starting to warm up as Spring appears on the horizon of the Twin Cities. One of the country's leading dinner theatres, **Chanhasen**, had only tentative dates set at this writing, but it will, as always, present fine entertainment. Vegas-style shows are to be found at **Pierre's** at the **Holiday Inn**; reservations are a good idea. The **Butcherblock** is a top-rated steak spot with a distinguished wine cellar and **The Left Guard Steak House** is another. It's run by former football players **Fuzzy Thurston**, **Max McGee** and **Bill Martine**. **Uncle Sam's**, the **Rusty Nail** and **The Poodle**, provide an assortment of night club services. In St. Paul, **Fiorito's Drinking Emporium & Restaurant** is one of the best dining spots, as is the **Blue House** and the **Smugglers Inn**. Night clubs offering live shows include **Angle's Theatre Lounge** with exotic dancers, **Frankie & Johnny's** and **Mr. Heights**. Massage parlors provide a welcome relief to the tension-filled businessman. The **Body Shop Sauna** and **Shangri-La Sauna** are recommended in Minneapolis while the **Red Carpet Sauna** and **Pam's Sauna** get the nod in St. Paul. In ice hockey home tests, the **Minnesota North Stars** battle in the **NHL** against: New York Rangers, the 2nd; Buffalo, the 6th; St. Louis, the 10th; Atlanta, the 13th; Philadelphia, the 16th; California, the 19th; Pittsburgh, the 23rd;



MAX MCGEE

and Los Angeles, the 26th. **WHA** sets for the **Fighting Saints** include: Los Angeles, the 3rd; New England, the 6th; Quebec, the 9th; New York, the 27th; Edmonton, the 29th; and Houston, the 31st.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: As usual, the top names in entertainment are included in the lineup at Vegas clubs during March. **Johnny Carson** hosts at **Caesars Palace** until the 5th and **Andy Williams** follows. The **Fleming** has **Connie Stevens** until the 12th, then **Bobby Vinton** and **Charlie Callas** team up until April. **Robert Goulet** takes over after **Wayne Newton** at the **Frontier** on the 6th following Goulet's stay at the **Sands**. **Rich Little** and **Foster Brooks** spend the remainder of the month at the **Sands**. **Jerry Lewis** leaves



CONNIE STEVENS

the **Sahara** on the 12th and **Jim Nabors** and **Charo** come in until the 27th when **Rowan and Martin** enter the scene. At the **Las Vegas Hilton**, **Liberace** (until the 3rd), **Glen Campbell** (from the 4th to the 16th) and **Bill Cosby** fill the bill. **Petula Clark** returns to the **Riviera** with the **Stylists** until the 12th when **Don Rickles** takes over. March shows for the **Thunderbird**, **MGM Grand**, and **Desert Inn** were not firmed up at this writing. Check with them when you hit town. **Judy Lynn** is a vocal single at the **Golden Nugget** from the 21st. Three showplaces offer constant favorites including the **Stardust** with "**Le Lido de Paris**," the **Dunes** showing "**Casino de Paris**," and **Circus Circus** hosting the "**World's Premier Circus Acts**," high above the casino.

NEW YORK

New York: Gorgeous gals and a hustle-bustle atmosphere you wouldn't believe, go into the make-up of this city, along with a variety of entertainment unequalled in the world. The belles that can blow your mind, among other things, are found at the numerous massage parlors like the **Victorian Studios**, the

Middle Earth, **Beaver St. Spa** in the **Wall Street** area (they can get you up when **Dow-Jones** lets you down), and **Caesars Retreat** which is reportedly the best in town. Dining is definitely on the list in order of importance because there are so many places that beckon to a hungry stranger. A few better choices might be **Nirvana** with Indo-Bengali food, **The "21" Club** sporting veal charleroi, red snapper and venison, or **The Ararat** which has an Armenian influence. You might try **Tony's Wife** for a rack — of lamb, that is — but play it cool with Tony. The **Metropolitan Opera** has eight different operas going in March including "**Falstaff**," "**Tosca**," and "**Gotterdammerung**." Features at **Madison Square Garden** include the **North Atlantic Cat Show** (we assume it's the four-legged kind) on the weekend of the 14th; the **National Invitational Tournament** in basketball has court dates on the 15th to the 23rd. Amateur pugilists battle in the **Golden Gloves Finals** on the 21st; and the **Ringling Brothers & Barnum and Bailey Circus** returns March 25th through May. The **New York Knicks**, led by **Walt Frazier**, have seven home **NBA** games: Philadelphia, the 1st; Boston, the 4th and 22nd; Detroit, the 8th; Phoenix, the 11th; Portland, the 13th; and Milwaukee, the 30th. In **NHL** action, the **Rangers** host: California, the 3rd; Montreal, the 6th; New York Islanders, the 10th; Chicago, the 14th; Vancouver, the 20th; Buffalo, the 24th; Boston, the 27th; and Toronto, the 31st. The **Islanders** are home to: Pittsburgh, the 5th; Detroit, the 9th; Philadelphia, the 12th; New York Rangers, the 16th; St. Louis, the 19th; and Buffalo, the 23rd. The **WHA Golden Blades** see home ice against: Los Angeles, the 2nd; Vancouver, the 3rd; New England, the 9th; Winnipeg, the 11th; Minnesota, the 15th; Toronto, the 18th; Edmonton, the 25th; and Cleveland, the 31st.

OHIO

Cincinnati: While visiting here, **Do-Drop-In** to the massage parlor of the same name or other spots where "womanual" labor is performed with skill and affection, like **Caroline's VIP** or the **New Main Health Center**. Sexy gals are plentiful at the **Hustler Club**, 608 Walnut, to make a traveler or businessman feel right at home. Other night clubs are the **C'est La Vie**, **El Greek** and the **Office Lounge**. **McIntoshes Steak 'n Kettle** serves up sumptuous dinners; **Marlo's Wine Cellar** is quietly romantic; and **La**

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Normandie Tavern & Chop House is dedicated to the sheer joy of eating and drinking. **Toga**, just north of Cincinnati, can please both modern and country music appetites in its two entertainment rooms. The **Cincinnati Art Museum** is located in **Eden Park** and displays superb works of art from more than 5,000 years of civilization. The **Symphony Orchestra** puts out some good sounds on March 7th and 8th and the 21st and 22nd. Drama takes shape at **Edgecliff College** with "Crime and Punishment" on the 7th through 16th and at the **Cinci Playhouse** from the 27th on into April with "The Hot L Baltimore." Across the Ohio River in Newport, Ky., we suggest the **Beverly Hills** for entertainment and **The Pad**, **Pink Pussycat**, and **Nix Bourbon Street** for feminine company.

Cleveland: If you need proof that it's not going to be an early Spring, this is the place to prove it. Lake Erie, which kept the wind warm last fall with its water temperature, is keeping it cold in March by the same effect. Take the chill from your body by visiting the **Hustler Club** on Short Vincent Street where all the girls are dynamite. Elegant dining and dancing are yours at the **Kon-Tiki** in the **Cleveland-Sheraton Hotel**, **Top of the Town** or **Pier W**. The **Wagon Wheel** serves a great Surf and Turf. The **Cleveland Symphony Orchestra** holds concerts each weekend during the month at **Severance Hall**. The **American & Canadian Sportsmen's Vacation & Boat Show** takes over **Public Hall** the 14th through the 23rd. Sports action at **The Coliseum** includes the **NBA Cavaliers**, with **Austin Carr**, against: New Orleans, the 11th; Los Angeles, the 13th; Philadelphia, the 15th; Washington, the 18th; Chicago, the 20th; Houston, the 23rd; and Boston, the 25th. **WHA** ice tests pit the **Crusaders** with: Winnipeg, the 13th; New York, the 16th; Houston, the 20th; Edmonton, the 23rd; Chicago, the 24th; Quebec, the 27th; and Los Angeles, the 30th.

Columbus: In the home town of **HUSTLER** magazine, you should definitely pay a visit to the **Hustler Club** at 36 W. Gay St. After you get there and see the gorgeous gals, it'll be a regular stop in your travels. Just down a flight of stairs is the **Whatever's Right Lounge** with more of the same charming delights. Of course, there are other night clubs, too. If you want to sample places like **The Vegas Club**, **The Bistro** and the **Frier Tuck Bar**. Of course, the Buckeye State

Capital is not without its share of massage establishments such as **The Euphorium** and **AAA Wells' Health Salon**. For a night on the town, begin with delicious dinners at: **Ricardo's**, Italian food specialists; the **Black Rose** for a gourmet menu with select steaks and chops; or the **Kahlki** with exotic food and drinks. Theatre is alive and well at the **Country Dinner Playhouse** and **Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theatre**. "A Streetcar Named Desire" is slated March 5th through the 8th at nearby **Otterbein College**. **Mershon Auditorium** on the Ohio State University campus hosts the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet** on the 11th; **St. John Arena** is the site for the **Boston Pops Orchestra** on the 16th; and the **Columbus Symphony Orchestra** is in the best of shape on the 20th, 21st and 22nd at the **Ohio Theatre**.

Toledo: The restaurants here are equal to those almost anywhere, but less abundant. Prepare to be greeted with fine food at **Mancy's**, a gourmet spot with antique decor. It's a rebuilt version of one that burned down last year. The best fish in town is at **Dyer's Chop House**. If you're a steak or ribs person, you can't miss the **Roman Gardens**. **Tony Packo's** has unique Hungarian food. For a terrific night spot, hit the **Hustler Club** at 812 Jefferson. Other heavy draws are **The Inn**, **The Exotic Night Club** and the **Sheik's Night Club**. For hard rock and dancing, try the **Agora-Rock Palace**. You might have to wait your turn at the city's two popular massage houses, **The Executive Art Studio** and **Toledo Bath House**, but it will be worth it. For a fulfilling cultural encounter, the **Toledo Metropolitan Orchestra** is set for the 14th, 15th and 16th. Or you can begin to sightsee since the city will be starting to warm up. The **Toledo Edison Exhibit Center** and **Toledo Museum of Art** are very popular.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia: You'll enjoy Spring in the nation's one-time capital. Shows and concerts are still in season while the city's historic shrines and **Fairmount Park** begin to warm to the occasion. The **Walnut Street Theatre** is in session and the **All Star Forum** will be bringing in as-

THE PHILOSOPHER

Music is the only language in which you cannot say a mean or sarcastic thing.

JOHN ERSKINE

yet unannounced stars. Of special interest in these days of space travel is the **Fels Planetarium** at the **Franklin Institute**. If the space you're seeking is about the size of a bed, the **Japanese Health Studio** and **Debbie's Health and Figure Salon** will make room for your relaxing massage. Out on the town, you can see some of the greatest entertainers at **Latin Casino** with its **Theatre Restaurant** and **Turf Lounge**. The **Middle East** stages belly dancers, and live shows are at **Apollo Supper Club** and **Just Jazz**. There is only one old original **Bookblinder's**, a famous seafood spot since 1865. Don't miss it. **Pompey's** caters to the beef-eaters and the **House of Pagano's** will amply satisfy any craving for Italian food. March has nine home **NBA** games with **Tom Van Arsdale** and the **76ers**: New York, the 2nd and 26th; Boston, the 5th; Washington, the 8th; Portland, the 12th; Phoenix, the 14th; New Orleans, the 19th; Atlanta, the 21st; and Buffalo, the 28th. For the **NHL Flyers**, host assignments include: Buffalo, the 2nd; Montreal, the 3rd; Detroit, the 7th; St. Louis, the 14th and 24th; Chicago, the 23rd; and Boston, the 30th.

TEXAS

Dallas-Ft. Worth: Neither of these neighboring cities goes out of its way to accommodate the other, but both put out a list of shops and sports to intrigue guests to the area. Tired of lonely evenings? You can either dial **Susie at Rent-a-Chick**, an escort service for the discriminating man; or try out the senserotic massages of **King's Palace**, **Tina's Parlor** or **TLC Studio**, all in Dallas. You can't lose. The **Twentieth Century Club**, the **Sea Horse Club** and **It'll Do Club** all cater to singles in Dallas, while top Ft. Worth night clubs include the **8888 Waterin' Hole** and the exciting **Stage Door**. If you are partial to steak, you're in the right place, but ethnic eateries are available to please all tastes. The **Glory Hole Mine Co.** is a throwback to early western life and **Jimmy Vouras' Club Chateau** is elegantly modern. The **Greek Key Club** and Spanish-style **Bodega** add color to the Dallas social life. Some of its year-round sights are the **Hall of State**, **Museum of Fine Arts** and the **Dallas Theatre Center**, the \$1 million center designed by **Frank Lloyd Wright**. The **Hall of Geology** in Ft. Worth recreates battles between prehistoric beasts while the **Forest Park Zoo** and **Lion Country Safari** brings you up to date. DU

JARA

"... THE BIGGER THE BETTER"







If black dudes were only as big as they think they are," Jara mourns, "they would be the best lovers in the world. But they're riding on a mythical reputation contrived by someone who didn't really know where it was at." As big in her own way as the mythical black dudes she's heard about, our buxom beauty considers herself a match for any man. Smooth skinned and sexy, Jara loves big men; the bigger the better, black or white. "We've got to stop exploiting the myth that black men are the lovers of the century."





I've balled enough white guys to know that isn't true." Most of Jara's friends are men. "I've got a few close girl friends. I need the kind of friendship and understanding that goes along with being a woman. Also a woman makes a good occasional lover. But when I'm alone, I can still take care of myself." As for clothes, Jara wears them when she has to. "To give a certain flavor to any situation I happen to fall into. Wherever I go, I want to look hot. Hot enough for any man on the street to see me go my way—and want me to go his."

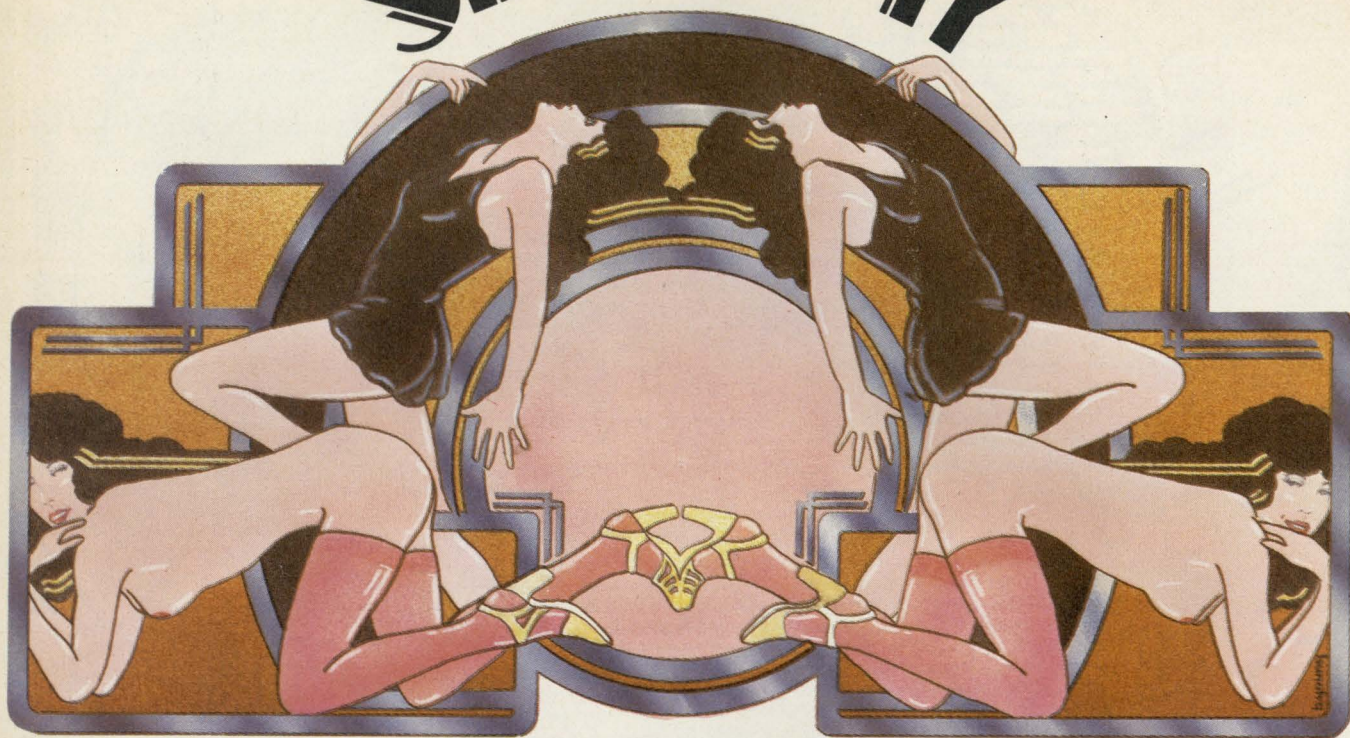






"What can Daddy buy Pooopsie . . . Japan . . . France . . . the U.S.A. . . ."

SEX PLAY



HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This article, first in a series, was prepared especially for HUSTLER Magazine. It is designed to help the Hustler give his women the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that makes every experience an important one and keeps her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by Mike Roberts

To deny satisfaction of the persistent and natural desires associated with human sexuality is to abridge the ancient contract that has existed between man and woman since the beginning of time.

To deny the legitimacy of mutual acts of respect, admiration and affection frustrates the artful being of both man and woman. It points an accusing finger at those who, through no fault of their own but for love, have experienced the pleasures of another person's innermost being.

Neither Church nor State, so long invisibly united, should continue to stand guard over relations that arise spontaneously and naturally to both sexes. The long shadows of hypocrisy and contempt must be dissolved. The light of knowledge must shine on the

realizations of human pleasure. Just as there is no forbidden fruit in this Eden, there is no Garden but the one each of us chooses to accept.

The Hustler wants to give his women pleasure. In bed and out. A lot of men know how to treat a woman when they go out socially for dinner or drinks. But does he really know how to fuck her in a way she'll never forget? Several of our friends have explained to us that even though they don't have any hang-ups about how big their cocks are, they still don't always succeed in getting into and satisfying the women they take out. Many of HUSTLER's women friends, too, including some of the girls featured in this month's issue, have confessed they really get turned on just looking at some guys; the way the

guys look, talk and respond to them.

But that excitement fades when the same guys are back at the apartment or hotel room and they don't know how to handle the situation.

"Some guys just don't have it. A big cock doesn't always make the difference, either," one of the girls explained. "It's how the man uses it. I knew a guy whose cock wasn't so big, but he could still make me come four or five times before he climaxed. He was gentle, patient and demanding in a cool kind of way. He wanted me to come. It turned him on too, I guess. That's the kind of lover I never forget."

So the first thing you have to direct attention toward, in turning on a woman, is the woman herself. Don't be afraid to touch her or to let her know you're not frightened of being touched, either. She'll probably want



to know if she doesn't discover it for herself, that you want her to touch you and feel you even before you've started getting hard. There's nothing wrong with putting your arm around her waist and letting your hands glide slowly by her breasts to discover how willing she is to be satisfied by you later.

After meeting a woman for the first time, sometimes it is a good idea to begin the pleasures of fucking with a bath, oils, creams and even perfumes which make the body all the more stimulating and exciting to the lovers. There are many of these products available in department stores, head shops, sex shops and even in drug stores. If you don't have the time to shop around for specialty items; baby oil, baby cream and many hand lotions will contribute to the sexual pleasures about to unfold to you.

One of the best in the area of specialty lines is the Kama Sutra brand of erotic oils and body lotions which are prepared specifically to add to sexual excitement. Some of them are heat oils which make the skin tingle with excitement when rubbed onto sensitive areas. Others are numbing agents with a benzocaine additive to help the Hustler maintain an erection. Kama Sutra also manufactures an especially effective salve which combines the numbing agent with a heating agent and provides both the man and woman with added stimulation in anal intercourse, straight fucking and petting.

There are, of course, other brands of erotic agents available which can be employed by the Hustler.

You might also remember that a seductive environment is an inviting one. Creating the environment is not difficult with such items as incense, candles, black lights and music.

Massage is a good way to loosen up in tight situations. When you know you are going to fuck the woman you are with anyway, why not take time to discover her body slowly, fluently, and excite her more at the same time? This gives you the familiarity with her you'll want later. And it is always a good way to let down any inhibitions you, or she, may have about being looked at. You might also instruct her in the massage, so she knows how to give you the pleasures you want.

Discover the most sensitive areas of her body. Rub between her thighs, below her breasts, over her nipples,

“There's nothing worse than a guy who is ready to fuck you and comes before he even gets into your pants.”

until they finally rise to the touch of your hands. Kiss her body as you massage it — her neck, her ears, her shoulders and so forth—until you are ready to discover her warm cunt which should, by now, be wet with excitement. Later, you will be able to move over these parts of her with the utmost knowledge of what you are doing, giving her pleasure all the time, and having the confidence it requires to satisfy her.

Women rise more slowly to the stimulation of sex than men do. They take longer to be aroused and to be satisfied. They must be worked with carefully and slowly to be fulfilled as thoroughly as the man. Self-discipline and knowledge of a woman's body will often enable a man to completely eliminate the frustration a woman has after bad sex.

“There's nothing worse than a guy who is ready to fuck you and comes before he even gets into your pants,” our girls tell us. “At least they could play with my pussy, or eat me until I come, before they get their rocks off.”

That's another reason why taking the time to bathe and massage, when facilities are available, is a good idea. In the bath or shower, you are already undressed and the fear or shyness associated with fucking someone for the first time is already melting away. Not only that, but the sliding motions and resulting sensations experienced when rubbing the body with soap, oils and creams is the first big turn-on. You'll both feel better from the beginning.

A woman who is not pleased by your touch, or by being touched in a particular place, like the rectum, can always be made to appreciate the erotic qualities of these areas. Do not force her to submit to your desires. That almost always turns a woman away. Confidently prove to her the pleasures which can be taken in those areas. Simple explanations—like this excites you and that it can excite her,

too; that she can share your pleasure by letting you take her in one or another place—are smooth ways of convincing a woman of something about which she is apprehensive.

There are some women who refuse to swallow a man's come when she is giving him a blowjob. Getting a woman to give up her reservations about this touchy subject is not the easiest thing to do. Do not force her. She may gag, or throw up on your stomach. It does not do anything positive for your relationship with her, and you may possibly turn her off to giving head altogether. You want her to enjoy all the acts of sex, all the positions, and all the joy you already know. If she refuses to swallow your semen, tell her when you are going to orgasm so she can pull away and insert your cock into her cunt, or handle you with her fingers while you are coming. The chances are if you tell her, and gain her trust in these matters, she will listen to you later on when there is something else you want to do with which she is unfamiliar.

The true Hustler can mold a woman like an artist molds clay. He can share his fantasies and pleasures with her because she wants to be inducted into your world of imagination and sexual adventure. In fact, a woman will generally begin to look forward to new experiences and experimentation with you; especially when you have proven to her you are a man who can give her the pleasure she is seeking.

After the bath—and after the massage, if you gave one to each other—when you are finally ready for the acts of sex that take the most encouragement, move slowly and certainly into them. Do not rush or you may have an orgasm before she does. Do not leave her frustrated after you have worked so long and hard to develop her excitement.

Take time. Kiss her on the mouth, neck, shoulders, throat and eyes. Bite her shoulders softly, then firmly. Hold her tits while you feel the nipples grow large and hard between your fingers. Do not pinch the nipples too violently. Give yourself time to discover how this particular woman enjoys being stimulated. If she likes to be handled more strongly, even roughly, do not hesitate to please her. But these sensitive areas in women do not always respond to the hard touch of a careless man.

Kiss her breasts and nipples, her sides and up into her armpits. Leave as little of her body as possible untouched by your lips, your tongue and your hands.



Move over her stomach, breathing the heat of your passion onto her, until you finally move to her thighs, her legs and her cunt. Be certain to kiss the pearl which lays behind the folds of skin that protect it from you. This is the most sensitive point of a woman's sexual apparatus and should be sucked and kissed with great care to avoid hurting it or damaging it. Again, some women like to be handled more firmly than others, so experiment with your partner to find out how she likes her clit stimulated.

It is often a good idea when you are in an embrace and necking to move your hand over her body, her belly, and down to the pubic area, over her hair, over the mound, and to her cunt; even before your kisses have covered her body. You will be able to feel the clitoris swell between your fingers as it fills with blood. It will become a thick strand running downward from the top of the slit of her vagina and into the passageway. Remember, this is the most sensitive part of the woman's sex organ and the one you should concentrate on stimulating to make her orgasm.

If you place a finger on either side so that clitoris is in between, you can manipulate the little pearl with an up and down or vertical motion, in a horizontal motion, or a circular motion which is especially exciting just at the point of orgasm because it brings up all the juices from below.

Keep in mind that to truly give a woman pleasure is to make her come to an orgasm more than one or two times. To be certain of her pleasure, while necking you may be able to make her come with your hand; if so, all the better. Move your fingers into her vagina and spread the liquid over her clitoris to give it all the more sensitivity.

When you go down on her, suck her clitoris and dart your tongue in and out of the crevice; suck and nibble at the folds of skin hiding the clitoris from view. There are a couple of good ways to angle yourself for this. One is to lie prone between her legs so you can reach up and massage her tits, or run your hands over her body. You can also lift her buttocks

 **When you are inside her, move your ass in a circular motion . . . until you feel her falling into rhythm with you.** 

by cupping her ass in your hands and raising her cunt to your lips and tongue.

Another position is commonly called "69," because of the way the bodies look in this position. While you are eating the woman, you may begin from the position explained previously, and swing your body around to present your cock to her lips. The chances are good she will take you into her mouth and give the same degree of pleasure to you that you are giving to her.

Some women are worried about the smell that emanates from their vaginas. But if you have bathed and oiled with the woman, you will know she is clean. The smell is natural and should be stimulating to the man in much the same way that sexual scents in nature attract animals.

Be careful not to come if you can help it. But if you do come prematurely, do not be uneasy. Continue giving her the same pleasure with your hand that you were before entering her. Do not leave her and go about your affairs or you will certainly have made an enemy for life. No woman likes to be left immediately after orgasm. She would rather be held close to you in your arms to glow in the wonderful light of orgasm.

Let yourself become hard again. It will often only take a few minutes, and some men have been known not to get soft even after coming several times.

When you have made certain that the woman has come, by your hand, mouth, or another way, it is time to go into her with your cock. By this time, her cunt is probably dripping with the fluids that will make your entrance easy in comparison to the problems

THE PHILOSOPHER

In every man's heart there is a secret nerve that answers to the vibrations of beauty.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

men have who cannot wait long enough for the woman to get turned-on.


Come around to her, kissing her mouth, touching her and talking to her with the words of love, using her name. Place your cock at the entrance to her vagina. If you are dry, move your cock around in her fluids for a moment so that you are wet and can slide into her without making her uncomfortable.

By this time the woman will be begging you to fuck her . . . *really* fuck her. She will want to feel the full length of you sliding slowly up into her, filling her and pressing against the walls of her cunt; seeking out untouched, unseen places inside of her that will stimulate and give her the release and pleasure she wants.

We will go into the many positions and various ways of fucking in future episodes of this series. For now, keep in mind to let your body move in a smooth rhythm. If you feel yourself coming and want to delay ejaculation, pull out for a moment until the desire passes. Keep kissing and fondling her breasts and her cunt. Leave a hand free to invade her. Use one finger at first, then two or three, until you are filling her with your fingers.

It is a good idea to keep your fingernails fairly short and well polished or you may scratch the sensitive membrane inside the vagina and cause an infection as well as irritation.

When you are inside of her, move your ass in a circular motion, clockwise and counterclockwise, until you feel her falling into rhythm with you. A person's body has a natural rhythm and movement which makes some partners more compatible than others. This is also true with the size of organs, but the experienced Hustler should discover from this series of articles that there are many ways of giving pleasure that do not depend just on fucking.

The longer you are inside of her, the closer you will bring her to orgasm. Plunging deeply into her, you will be rubbing and stimulating the clitoris which is the primary vehicle of orgasm. You will be giving her the greatest pleasure she will know and, by then, the one she needs most to feel satisfied. She will be looking forward to her next encounter with you — should you choose. 

NEXT MONTH: Positions.



Photographs by John Castano



Lynne

Do starlets still fuck their way into the movies?

They say that's the way it used to be, and there's still a lot of screwing around between hopeful actresses and the movie producers and directors," says Lynne, with a pixie smile playing on her lips.

"There's so much competition out here for so few acting parts that many of us still try to get an edge toward a good role. If that means going to bed with certain men, then that's what we do. After all, sex is a natural thing, not a perversion."







Of course, there are still some girls who do the 'my-body-is-sacred' routine and avoid the sex bargaining, but those are usually the ones with a lot of talent or a lot of confidence . . . or a lot of family money to fall back on. If a person isn't 'discovered' right away, she has to count on impressing someone through bit parts. The only other choices are to enter an arrangement with a man or to return home." Lynne, now in her second year of trying to crack Hollywood's protective shield, was not among the very few who fall into instant stardom and has gone the small part route toward the top. In the meantime, being "discovered" by the HUSTLER camera helps to keep her warm young body in the eye of the public.

"I'll admit that I've screwed some fairly important men and that it has helped me gain some of the parts I've had," she says. "But, although I mentioned sex bargaining, every man I've been to bed with knows that there are no strings attached to our lovemaking."

The delicious blonde is a product of the Midwest and hopes that her eventual return will be accompanied by the fanfare generated by some starring role she portrays.

"That's a long way into the future," Lynne projects. "Meanwhile, there are several bachelor pads where I'm welcome to stay and where I can spend my leisure time thinking about my future, when I get to be a star . . ."

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"Dear Sweetheart," the soldier wrote to his wife at home, "Please send me \$20 for cigarettes, etc."

"Dearest," she returned, "Here's \$10 for the cigarettes. Your 'etc.' is waiting for you at home."

Never put off for tomorrow what you can put in tonight.

Old exhibitionists never die, they stick it out forever.

When the 96-year-old man married an 84-year-old woman, instead of saying "I do" he mumbled weakly, "I'll give it a try."



After stopping on a deserted country road, the man turned to his date and made the usual sexual advances. "Just a minute," the girl said. "I'm really a prostitute and I have to charge you \$50."

After he reluctantly paid the ante, they made love. Later, as the man sat silently at the wheel, the girl asked, "Aren't we leaving?"

"Not quite yet," he replied. "I'm really a cab driver and the fare back is \$50."

Then there was the gay Indian beggar. All he wanted was a couple of bucks to eat on.

hustler • humor

With inflation being what it is, we figure that the cost of those new string bikinis comes to about \$9 per pubic inch.

When Jim's wife died, he gave her a big funeral and everybody came — including his wife's former lover who wept uncontrollably during the services.

Jim went over to him and murmured comfortingly, "Don't take it so hard, pal. I'll get married again."

As the seductive secretary settled on her boss' lap, he asked her, "What did my wife say when you told her I'd be working late tonight?"

"All she said was, 'Can I count on that?'"



"Why were you absent without leave after only a couple of days in the Marines?" yelled the Drill Instructor to the recruit.

"Well, Sarge," the youth answered nervously, "On my first day, we were issued combs and that afternoon they cut off my hair. The next morning they issued toothbrushes and that afternoon the dentist pulled out six of my teeth. The third day I was issued a jock strap — and that's when I went AWOL."

"What do you think?" Mr. Smith asked his wife. "It's midnight. Shouldn't I go tell Sally's boyfriend to go home?"

"Now dear," she murmured, "don't you remember what it was like when we were first going together?"

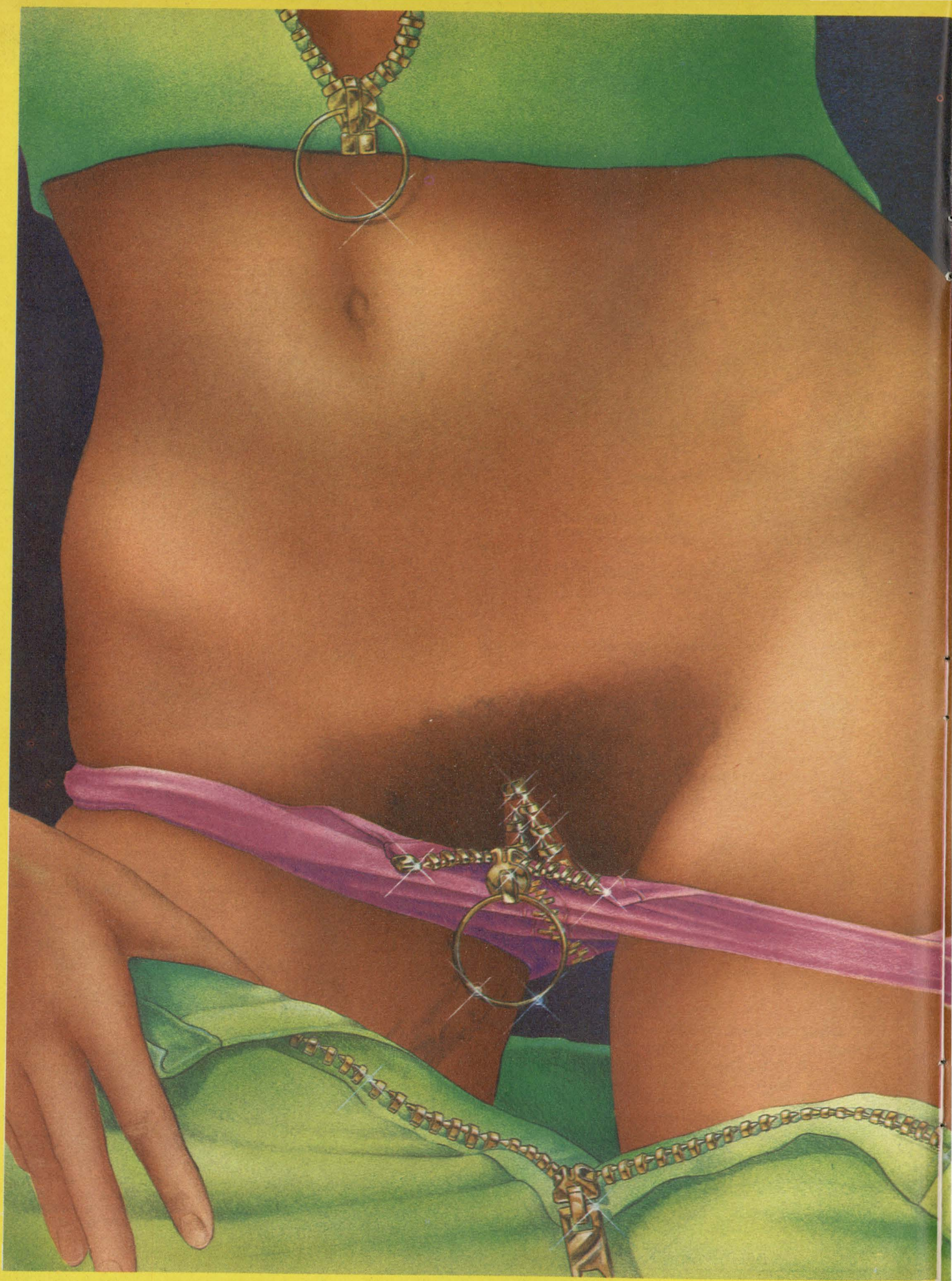
"You're right," cried Smith, leaping from his bed. "I'm throwing the cunt-sniffing bastard out of the house."

Flattery is like douche water. Play around with it if you like, but don't swallow any.

Are you into joke telling with no one to listen? Tell 'em to us and make some money at the same time. We pay standard freelance rates. Send all jokes to Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Who'd ever have thought it would go this far,
when my 'pimp' introduced us?"





The Fair In Affair Ain't Fair

By Thom McEldowney

Whoever said "tell the truth even if it hurts," didn't fully comprehend the mess that envelopes men and women up to their armpits in an affair. Nor did the same individual realize anything about the physical pain involved. Let him get mauled by an attacking dog, caught in his zipper, and third-degreed by his wife and see what he says. And if he mutters "all's fair in love and war," spit on the son-of-a-bitch.

It might have started the day we got married and I got sick at the altar; or just last week when I threw out fifty odd issues of past years' *Cosmo*. I don't know when it started. All I do know is that my wife — Amanda the Hun — not only wanted to wear the pants in the family, but was always too busy when I wanted to take them off of her. She had declared marital war. She had become a liberated woman. She was a pain in the ass.

The turning point in the war, which thus far she'd dominated, bloomed late one Friday afternoon. Up until then I had diplomatically ignored the border disputes in bed, the sniper attacks at the breakfast table, and even the periodic reconnaissance missions through my office. The time to retaliate arrived unannounced.

I opened our apartment door to find the Mongolian War Lords — Amanda's liberated card-cronies — slouching around my living room, sucking up my scotch and bitching about the brotherhood of men. I held my fire until I saw the whites of her beady little eyes in the kitchen.

"What (pause), what are you girls liberated from this week? Femininity?"

"Jack, you're a classical male chauvinist," Amanda snapped.

"How would you know? A real one wouldn't even sit in the same room with your friends."

"Don't insult my friends."

"I don't have to. They beat me to it."

That did it. Direct hit right at her Plimsoll line. Up she went like a torpedoed oil tanker — KABANG!

"Why don't you go get fucked!"

I picked up my keys, waded through the horde in the living room and returned to the front door.

"Ladies," I gestured, bowing low at the waist.

"Chauvinist pig," grumbled one of the liberationists — my sister-in-law.

"Oink, Oink." I opened the door.

"Where are you going?" Amanda demanded.

"I am going to get fucked, my dear, and you may go to hell."

Another torpedo found its mark as I slammed the door behind me. I headed for my car.

Psychologists say that many women like to be put in their place from time to time. They like men to react with strength and vigor to their whims and fancies. Amanda, however, is one of those women who inspires me to abject silence. She hates it. I'll go a week without saying a word when she displeases me; she apologizes and life returns to normal. Yet, this turn of events puzzled me. I'd never spoken or acted that way before.

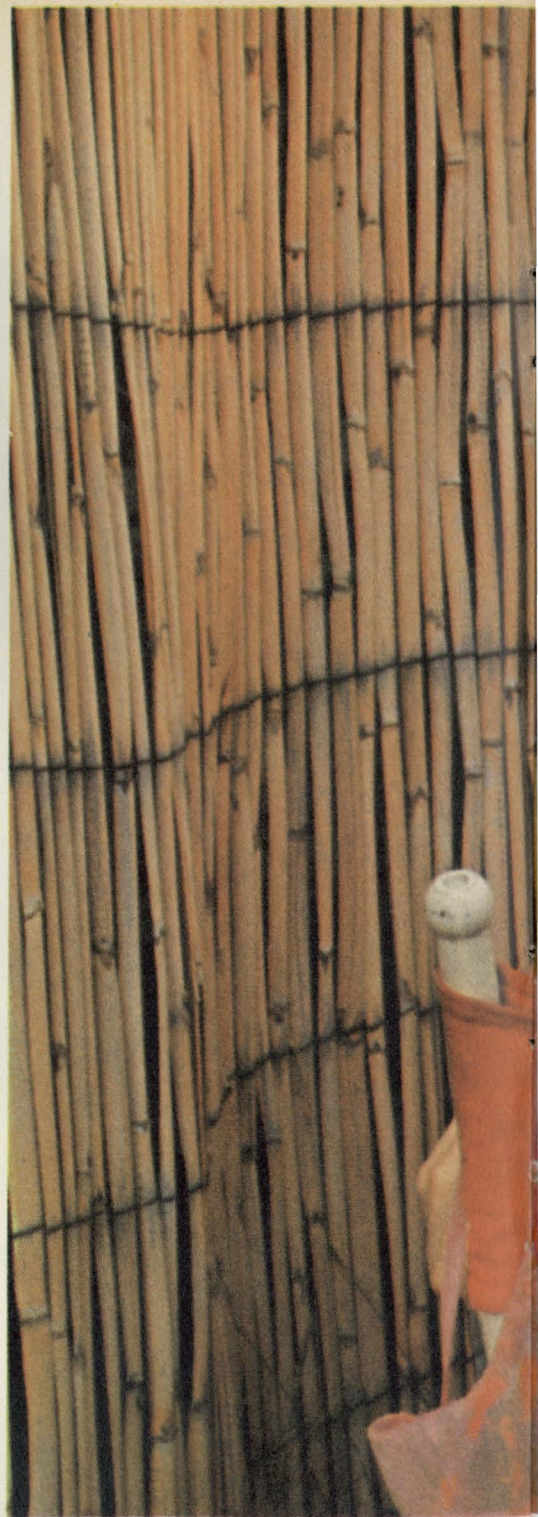
Sometime later I found myself ordering a fifth Heineken at Jerry's, a local lounge I inhabit when the weather at home is stormy. Lately I'd become a regular — sitting, drinking, listening to the same tired stories about nasty divorces and tasteless conquests all related with gusto by the Sharker, Grumpy, Harry the Horse, Bad Joke John, Hot Pants and Lola MacLips. All regulars have nicknames at Jerry's; I'm Jack the Ripper for no reason I can determine. Hot Pants and Lola are cocktail waitresses. Sharker, Grumpy, Harry the Horse, and Bad Joke are super-regulars — high tests, even — over thirty-five, each divorced at least once, and each perpetually trying to make it with Hot Pants. It is written that misery loves company, especially if they all have nicknames.

"What's eatin' you Jack?" asked the Sharker, a burly swimming pool maintenance man.

"Aw, nothing really."

"Don't you like to complain?" asked Lola, pouring the fifth imported brew.

continued on page 92



Photographs by John Kirk



THE GIRL WITH
THE CREAMY
PUFF PUSSY

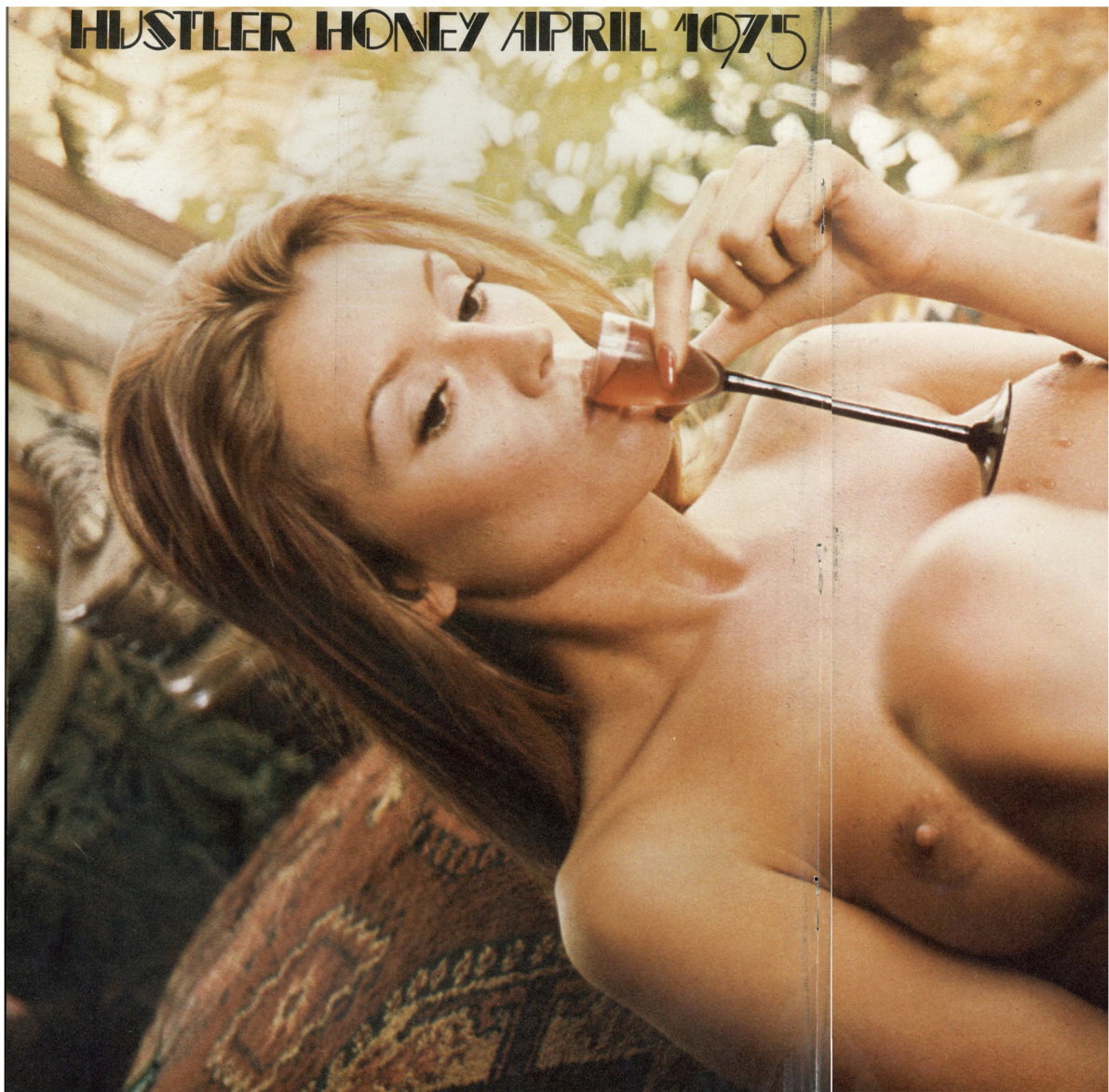
LOLITA

I love pouring chocolate sauce on my boyfriend's banana. The way it drips slowly down between his balls and into the hair in his crotch just teases me to death. It's sort of a game, where I try to catch all the drops before they get that far—with my tongue of course. No fair using hands. He likes to get a can of real whipped cream—not the artificial stuff either—and spray it all over my cunt. Sometimes he shaves me first. When it gets inside me, and around my clit, it's really a turn-on when he licks it away."





HUSTLER HONEY APRIL 1975









"We tried honey and it's dynamite for awhile. But then it starts to get too sticky. I don't know of anything but a bear's tongue that could get it all off me, so I won't let him use it anymore."

LOLITA's Favorites
... "I couldn't do without one in the morning ...

Chocolate Éclair

Danish

Cheesecake

Devil's Food

Strudel

Turnovers

Tortes

Glacés

& Especially

Cream Puffs!"





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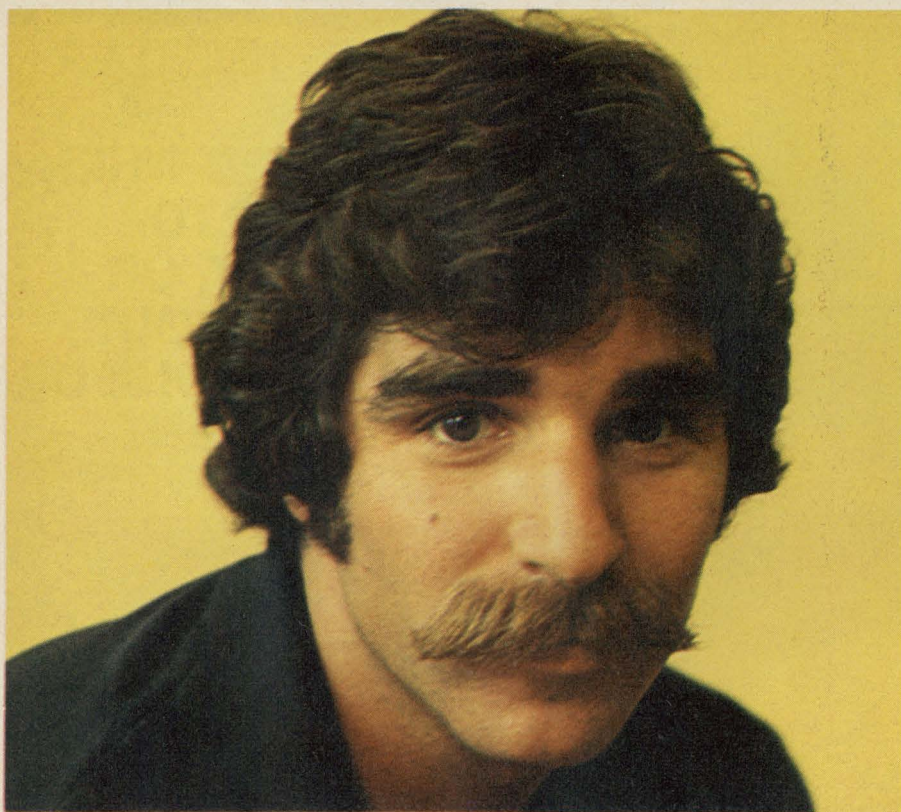
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HUSTLER PROFILE

HARRY REEMS

Porno actors, engaged in the fantasy of exploding to fame from between the creamy thighs of lascivious women, have met more problems than they anticipated. After porno movies began to gain a wider acceptance, many of those studs fell by the wayside because of their inability to "rise" to the occasion — flaccid and placid in a world where a consistently rock-hard cock is at a premium.

Into that vacuum, a very real one back in 1969, stepped a seemingly very unreal threat to the sanctity of womanhood. A struggling actor whose latest job at that time had been with the National Shakespeare Company, he was later given the pseudonym Harry Reems. A confident, swaggering super-stud? Not on your life! His prime thought on the way to his first stag-film shooting was, "Will I get it up?"

He did, and the rest is history. Since that time, Reems has appeared in more than 400 skin-flick roles. He has been sucked and fucked by scores of gals including actresses Linda Lovelace, Georgina Spelvin and Tina Russell in movies including "Deep Throat" and "Deep Throat II," "Memories Within Miss Aggie" and "Devil in Miss Jones." Has all of this sexual success gone to his head? Read on and draw your own conclusions!

by Clarke Taylor

Most of us know very little about the private lives of stage and film stars, and we probably couldn't care less, so long as their work amuses or moves us. What we do know of their personal lives usually bears little resemblance to the larger-than-life characters they play. We assume that they, like ourselves, are three-dimensional and, therefore, not easily understood.

But what is our assumption about the actor that we come to know through pornography; that playground for our fantasies, usually visited only at the periphery of our lives? It rarely dawns on us that this actor, or model,

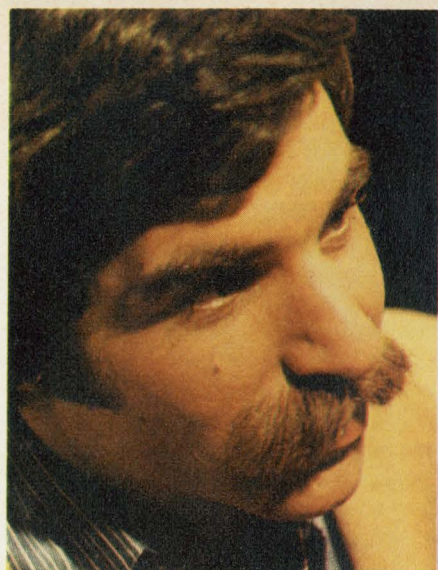
has a life outside the secret pleasure he or she provides for us. And when it does dawn on us, what are our thoughts? Well, of course, getting it on is simple — nothing to it. And off screen, probably more of the same. One dimension.

Knowing Harry Reems is knowing differently. At 27, the male superstar of the pornographic film industry is really one of us, and one of the more interesting of us at that. Like the proverbial blonde, he simply has "more fun."

Multi-faceted, romantic, eclectic in his tastes, politically concerned and ambitious, Harry Reems has estab-

lished a place in the fantasy world of the porno screen which belies the real Jewish boy he is. At least, when thinking about his past work — some 400 minor stag and major porno films, including "Deep Throat" and "The Devil in Miss Jones" — one would not think him complex. But if Harry has his way, the future will paint a different kind of fantasy and the porno film-goer will have to take his pleasure side by side with some intelligent thinking.

Nothing in Mr. Reems' Westchester, New York, childhood would have suggested his current stardom. Indeed, this rather protected Jewish kid — not a particularly dashing one — had all



the hang-ups, and probably more than the rest of us.

The growing up led to acting and to New York and, like most New York actors, to struggle. After more than his share of unemployment, Harry landed a season of acting with the National Shakespeare Company's highly celebrated experimental lab. The job didn't exactly make ends meet, however, and as Harry now reflects: "my checks had the resiliency of rubber."

The "rubber" was to hold more significance than he thought! It was at this point, in 1969, that a fellow actor suggested to him that he supplement his income by making a stag film: When the blush wore off (he still appears able to blush) Harry took a name and number, called, and a career took off.

"I was scared," he recalls. "My only thoughts were, 'will I get it up; will she have the clap?' I'd been scared of my own sexuality up until then. I'd look at women and all I'd think about would be sex but, like Portnoy, I never got it on very well. I'd had my first experience when I was fifteen, and I couldn't come!"

Before he knew it, that one film turned into five or six a week, and in the five years since that first film, around 400 such "quickies" have been shot.

"I guess I sold my soul. The first film was easy. I think it was the exhibitionist in me coming out. Suddenly someone else, the director, was putting me through my fantasies.

"And I was learning things about a woman's body. I relaxed sexually. Of

course, it could have been the 'coming of age' as opposed to my new-found career, but whatever, it was certainly contrary to my sheltered upbringing."

Pornography was still very much underground when one day Harry made a visit to the apartment of an actress for a shooting. The actress opened the door and on her heels was a guy she quickly introduced as her husband. Well, before the Jewish kid in him could reel down the hall, Harry was shaking the hand thrust at him by her husband, and the filming proceeded.

This story, amusing in retrospect, reveals a lot about the very human quality Harry exudes. Chatty, laughing, gesturing, talking freely; much of the man is "up front." And surrounded by the four interesting walls of his tiny apartment (in New York's Chelsea area), Harry's several dimensions peel off.

The apartment, kind of "cozy-rustic," is cluttered with beams and built-ins designed by a man who claims a fondness for the country, where he has a house; four dogs, one of which he strokes throughout his interview; and for Linnie, a blonde "roommate," sister-figure who bakes him piping hot cookies.

One wouldn't apply the word modest to Harry Reems, but he is, one might say, confidently realistic.

"I've got a name in my market, so I can pick and choose good scripts. But the 'straight' filmmakers can't use me because of my association with the porno industry.

"Actually, I'll only make about five

films a year now. I'm recognized by only a small portion of the public;" a public which Harry seems to understand.

"They come to the films to get turned on, then they go home and have sex. I feel no responsibility to them. I'm not there to teach them, but they do take ideas home.

"I'm really not all that good sexually. I'm certainly not as loose or as freaky as others in the business. I've just been lucky to have worked in films that have made it. Others more talented have not been in the right places at the right times.

"I've really had an education through this business; mainly about my sexuality privately and personally."

And at his ripe old age, Mr. Reems has committed his education to print, which will appear this spring in the form of his autobiography, *Here Comes Harry Reems* (Pinnacle Press).

He describes the book as a "light look" at the porno phenomenon, from filmmaking to acting to casting to the social life of the porno star.

"It deals with the formation of my own sexuality. And it's also a more in-depth view of the industry than we've had because I've been involved with it since its infancy."

Of course, pornography has been around far longer than the five years of Mr. Reems' involvement, but this protagonist sees the last few years as the "infancy" of a new art form. This is where he is keenly political in his sense of where filmmakers and distributors are going — and where he wants to go.

HARRY REEMS

"Each of the last six decades has had its own unique form of film entertainment. The escape for the '70s is going to be the sex film. Ever since 'I Am Curious, Yellow,' porno audiences have wanted sex with their acting. And the audience itself has broadened.

"First, there was the raincoat crowd; then, it was chic to go to a film like 'Deep Throat;' now, audiences are more intelligent. A simple porno film is just boring after a while.

"I want to see films made about people, films in which a character is developed. Movies concerned solely with sex scenes and come shots are not entertaining.

"But if porno is legalized, or given the freedom to grow, major producers will begin making them or independents will do better work; the aesthetic qualities will be better."

It looks as though Mr. Reems will have the chance to see his prophecy fulfilled — or forgotten. The film in which he is currently seen is "Sometime, Sweet Susan." It is the first hardcore porno film to be approved by the Screen Actors' Guild (SAG).

"It's a milestone, because implicit in the approval is the admission that porno isn't harmful to society, at least

●● "I'm a dirty old man," he chuckles in that husky kind of burst that comes from . . . too much smoke or from wanting to appear 'he-man-sexy.' ●●

by the professional artists' unions."

The film deals with a psychiatrist (Reems) who tries to reach a female patient, a schizoid. He is also trying to beat the state hospital system in his unusually individual effort at reaching her. He's hopeful that the sweet half will be stabilized, but the bad half unfortunately triumphs.

"It deals with the sensitivities of human beings instead of just the exploitation of sex between them. The people are realistic." The sex is used to help advance the story line not just exploit the thrill-seeker. . . . "Susan" may well be the catalyst for a new age of porn.

Harry has also recently completed two major films abroad where, he contends, there is "a more respectful attitude toward sex films: In Denmark,

"Justine and Juliet," based on a story by the Marquis de Sade and directed by the talent who brought us "I, A Woman;" and in Germany, a film called "Butterflies." Next fall he will go to Paris to film a "soft-core" film based on a sex novel by Guy de Maupassant.

So quality material does seem to be coming the star's way, along with challenges that test talents beyond the acting which has come quite easily. This winter he faces his directorial debut when he begins shooting "Ava." The screenplay marks the porno film debut for off-Broadway playwright Tom Eyen.

Also an SAG-approved film, the story deals with a hypothetical society, circa 1982, in which promiscuity is rampant. Like eating and sleeping, sex is routinely played out without emotion. But, in keeping with the director's principles, it also deals with a girl who searches for love within all of this — and finds it.

As for the "love" at the end of Mr. Reems' reach, well, it would seem that he had little time to pursue it. In addition to his absorbing — and, one would think, physically exhausting — life in the film business, he claims a love for cooking, sewing, marine biology, tearing down barns, beach bumming and looking for property. He also admits, freely, his love of off-screen sex.

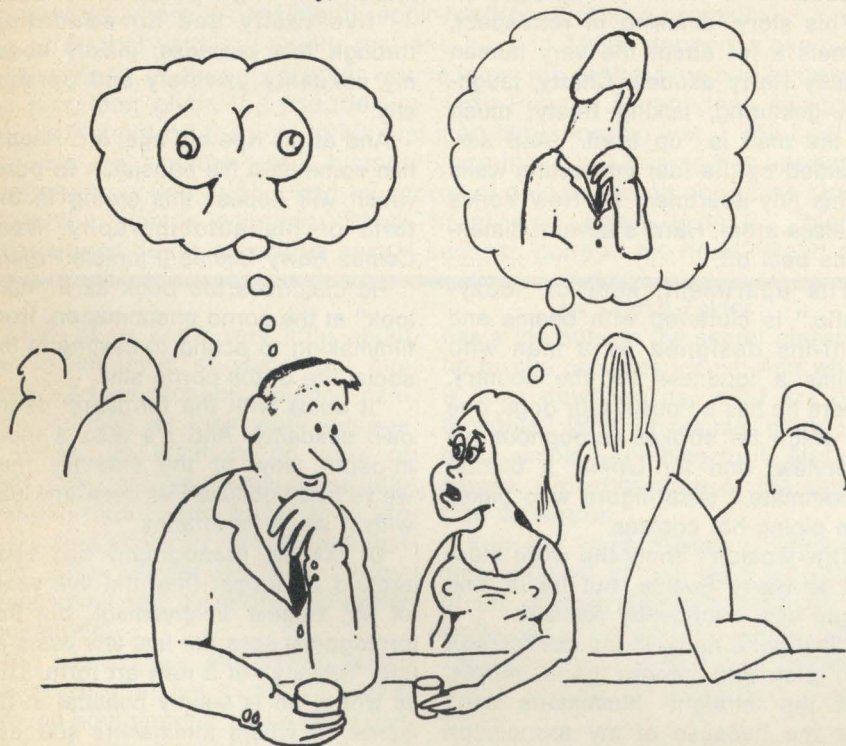
"I'm a dirty old man," he chuckles, in that husky kind of burst that comes from either too much smoke or from wanting to appear "he-man-sexy." "You can always tell when a girl is out for sex and sex only. And when they come right out and say 'I really want to ball you,' I usually comply; I dig that kind of approach. It's when they are indirect that I'm turned off."

Feminist darts could be shot straight through that kind of remark, but it seems to apply to only half of the Reems' women. There is a distinction between the public women and the private. The former are those

THE PHILOSOPHER

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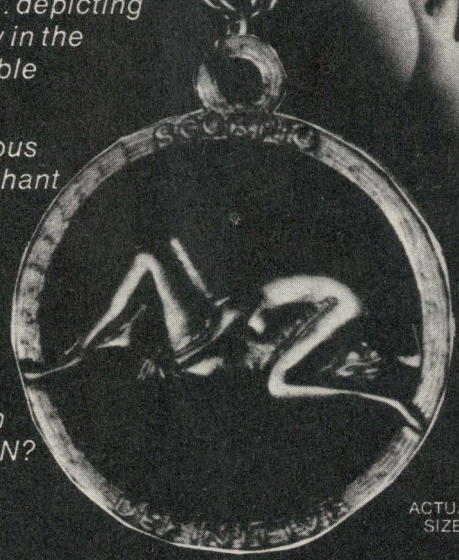
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HARRY REEMS

who pursue him directly as a result of the films they've seen, or from hearsay.

There are numerous stories of girls met on the street who usually approach him; or of girls who find his number listed in the book under his real name (the Reems pseudonym was adopted during the shooting of "Deep Throat," for reasons which seem apparent); or even those living in his very own apartment building who discover and recognize him. And not only girls. Reems claims that one of his largest group of fans comes from the homosexual community, and they too make an effort to talk with him.

Of these public people, he concludes, "they usually want instructions; they assume that I'm either well-hung or an expert, and that they'll learn something.

"After I have sex with them (the public women) they'll ask 'was I good?' which is quite a reversal."

These women seem to be going beyond the screen experience to fulfill their fantasies in the flesh. They do not hold the same place in Reems' life as do the private women, which

“Harry calls himself a ‘positive neurotic’ . . . (which) means channeling an enormous need for frequent sex into a creative effort — at raising the standard of his business . . .”

will be better news for the feminists. Indeed, Harry seems to have gained far more respect for women than he had in his Westchester days.

"I like all women; I can find good in all of them. Every woman has something that will turn me on sexually. But now I don't think only of sex when I look at them.

"The man-woman relationship is a terrific thing, and the old stereotype of women is bad. I have no yearning to get married—although if I did, Mrs. Right wouldn't ask me to quit the porno business — but my great unfulfilled fantasy is to share my life with someone."

This might be easier said than done for a man who admits that "my religion is me." But there is a certain self-assurance there, a certain independence, which is admirable, and this line is certainly consistent with the rest of the principles he has accumulated along the road from that first, awkward experience.

"My rights and wrongs are my rights and wrongs," he insists, as though to convince that he is as aware of the weaknesses as he is — and as we are — of the very obvious strengths displayed in his "work."

Harry calls himself a "positive neurotic." Freud may not have had a definition for that, but if it means channeling an enormous need for frequent sex into a creative effort at raising the standard of his business, Harry seems to be succeeding.

The term may also mean "idealist," for ideals seem as important to Reems as they might to any "straight" filmmaker. He really believes that the audiences which have come in cloak (or raincoat) and in secret to porno movie houses over the decades will still attend when art becomes a factor. Either that or an entire new audience will emerge.

But this is another of his fantasies, one which, like that shared life, remains to be seen.

The learning process is, for all of us, different. We have various kinds of teachers. Whatever it is and whom-ever the teachers, sex usually plays a very little part, probably too little for our own good. Sitting across a room from Harry Reems, rapping lightly and openly, the guy seems pretty much like any other educated young man of his time. He is warm, bright and articulate. But he is different. His education has come by way of his sexual appetite; his teacher has been his (and his partner's) body.

He may not teach most of us anything about his business. For most of the audience, the industry will remain little more than a passing curiosity. But Harry has provided a certain respectability to pornography, and whether his audience — those public pursuers — prefers the respectable to the sordid, well, it's been said already, that remains to be seen.

As for Harry, after his interview he is going to pack up his hound, some cookies, one of several girlfriends, and head for his country house.



"At the stroke of 12, your tampon turns into a pumpkinin."



"I may be 'too old to cut the mustard', but I can still 'lick the jar'!"

"Sodom and Gomorrah"

Pornographic Films
Find Their Cecil B. DeMille

by Charles A. Fracchia

The Livermore Valley, a conservative, rural area in the southeastern part of the San Francisco Bay Area, was alive with activity during the summer of 1974. To a hot, remote spot in the fertile countryside each morning, a caravan of cars and trucks would arrive at approximately dawn. The vehicles soon unloaded about 150 human beings, most of them in their 20's and 30's, a great deal of equipment and about 100 animals.

Soon tents were appearing in the grassy fields, donkeys were braying, camels were tethered and sheep were peacefully grazing. A variety of men and women emerged from the tents, wearing flowing robes and resembling characters from the Bible.

Amidst the babble and the frantic activity, two men were attempting to bring order from the chaos. In a surprisingly short time, cameras were assembled, there was quiet (except for the animals), and Art and Jim Mitchell were giving instructions to the crew of technicians and to the actors and actresses who were involved in the day's shooting.

This is no ordinary film. It is a pornographic film produced by Mitchell Brothers Productions, whose two last films, "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve," catapulted them to the peak of pornographic filmmakers. Nor is this an ordinary *pornographic* film. With a budget exceeding \$500,000, in an industry where budgets rarely exceed \$25,000, it is the most expensive pornographic film ever made. The fact that it is an adaptation of a Biblical story gives it yet another unique dimension.

Aside from its conception in the Book of Genesis, the filming of "Sodom and Gomorrah" had its inception in New York during the month of July in 1973. At that time, judges of the Criminal Court of the City of New York viewed four films: "Behind the Green Door," "High Rise," "The Newcomers" and "The Innocents Abroad." The judges personally believed that these films were obscene, and search warrants were issued. The films were seized.

At a subsequent trial, Art and Jim Mitchell stood before Judge Owen McGivern when he read his opinion.

"The defendants were exploiting pornography for its own sake," he read, "and were blatantly pandering to prurient interests for commercial gain alone. It is beyond question that all four films graphically depicted various acts of sexual misconduct, including performances of sodomy and sadism, sometimes involving participants in grossly perverted acts. These multiple and variegated ultimate acts of sexual perversion would have been regarded as 'obscene' by the community standards of Sodom and Gomorrah."

At the conclusion of Judge McGivern's harsh opinion, Art Mitchell turned to his brother Jim and whispered: "That's bullshit. Hypocrisy destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, not perverted sexual acts."

And that's how it began — the filming of the highest-budget pornographic film to date — from a Biblical allusion on the part of a New York judge.

The idea for a film based on the



story of Sodom and Gomorrah, as related in the Book of Genesis, thus took hold in the minds of the Mitchell brothers, who have produced over 200 pornographic films and are today probably the most successful pornographic entrepreneurs in the U.S. The script was prepared and filming began in March, 1974.

They had budgeted for an expensive film, but, in an industry where a "spectacular" runs from \$3,000 to \$50,000, the Mitchells' budget of \$200,000 seemed enormous. Little did they realize that they would expend more than a half million dollars before they were to complete their Biblical extravaganza.

The resulting film — "Sodom and Gomorrah: the Last Seven Days" — follows the tale in the Bible with a story amplification worthy of Cecil B. DeMille, with a modern twist: the

observation of the last days of Sodom and Gomorrah by a group of astronauts from another planet.

In the rustic Livermore Valley, where most of the film was shot, the combination of people and animals, nudity and Biblical costume, constituted a surrealistic scene of confusion and odd juxtaposition. A nude Jacquie Brody, who plays Lot's wife Milcah in the film, attempts to ride a donkey during a rest break. Meanwhile, Thom Glardon, who depicts Lot, stands watching, in his long, white robe, the attempted sodomizing of a camel. Oh, S.P.C.A., where are you when you are needed? Johnnie Keyes, black star of both "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve," and who plays the King of

improvisational group sex gathering forms on a pile of blankets. It appears that, instead of playing cards, the cast of "Sodom and Gomorrah" seeks rest and release in impromptu sex.

Ken Turner, a seven-foot-tall giant of an actor who plays a character called Fluti, practices a feat which is one of the most compelling scenes in the film: self fellatio. Bending his enormous frame to where his head reaches his crotch, his lips nimbly grab his penis and he plays with his own erect organ inserted in his mouth.

Stan Cobb, who plays one of the Mitchells' more bizarre creations, the semen catcher, attempts, only part jokingly one suspects, to examine the genitalia of various women in the cast. Cobb, whose role and enthusi-

finished, Keyes is still pumping away but I look to see what is happening. It's Stan Cobb plying his trade as semen catcher, licking the semen dribbling out of me before it touches the ground. God it was gross. All I could do was laugh."

Art Mitchell calls an end to the rest period, and cast and crew scurry to their positions. Those members of the cast not needed for the scene about to be shot settle down to watch the filming. Gina Fornelli, playing Seba, one of Lot's daughters, consults with Art Mitchell and cameraman John Fontana about her upcoming scene.

"Are you sure you've done this before?" asks Mitchell.

Gina assures him that she has. However, a revelation subsequent to the filming uncovers that Gina Fornelli has never before engaged in anal intercourse, but has instead fortified herself for this scene by quaffing large quantities of wine.

The scene calls for Gina to be sodomized by George McDonald in a tree. The thermometer reads 110 degrees and Gina's perspiration begins to break through her make-up. Delay. Someone rushes out to repair Gina's cosmetic mask. Finally, she is helped into the tree, and McDonald is positioned.

"Action," yells Mitchell, and the camera starts grinding — but only for a moment. Gina has lost her balance. Three more abortive takes follow. The blackboard announces the fifth. This time all goes well until McDonald begins to penetrate Gina's rectum, and she utters a piercing scream of pain. The camera stops, and Mitchell calls for a ten-minute break while he chats with the scene's two principals.

He is kind and solicitous. Lubricants are called for and brought out. The scene is ready to be shot again. The technical apparatus — lights, sound equipment, camera — is ready. "Action," yells Mitchell once more. Another failure. Although she emits no sound, a spasm of pain — not passion — has covered Gina's features.

Five hours pass to film the twelve takes of this scene. No scene has met the director's expectations, but he calls the dinner break and mutters about "dubbing," "maybe re-shooting" and "editing," while the bored, restless and heat-fatigued cast and crew drag themselves off to dinner. "So this is the glamorous movie busi-



Gomorrah, seeks a bit of extra-curricular sex with a young woman who has a minor role in the film. Shawn Broccato, attired in the head-dress and robes of an important Biblical official, is snapping photographs of this variegated scene.

Someone wanders by and inquires if anyone has any cocaine or marijuana. He is given directions where to find both. George McDonald, veteran actor in over 200 pornographic films, watches over the encampment in amazement. Pornographic films have advanced in complexity since those days when he began with the Mitchell brothers, starring in films which were shot in a day and cost \$1,000 to produce.

Even when the Mitchells have called for an hour rest hiatus in the filming, the group's sexual energy remains at an intensive tempo. An

astic playing of it, have relegated him in the eyes of the actors and actresses in "Sodom and Gomorrah" to the same pariah role accorded to the black-hooded executioner in medieval days, is rudely shunted aside. "Go and jerk off, you creep," yells Candyce Fenton in not so lady-like tones. The role of semen catcher arises from the story line which has Bera, King of Sodom, prohibiting the spillage of semen because of his own impotence.

Shell Kugler, who plays a temple prostitute, relates her first experience with Cobb's role. "I was involved in an orgy scene in a tavern, and was blowing Keyes. Then Keyes throws me on a table and we have intercourse. I feel someone licking my thighs and my rear, but I can't look to see what's happening because the camera is on me. When the scene is

ness?" asks one of the film's starlets for whom this has been her first cinematic experience.

And so it goes—week after week. Long hours into the early morning. The crew, actors and actresses of "Sodom and Gomorrah" drag their exhausted bodies around the set; and Director Mitchell worries about how to maintain a high level of energy.

But this is not his only concern. Erect penises are an essential component of pornographic films. But erect penises are not easy to come by on the set. Not every man is capable of achieving and maintaining an erection instantly upon the call of "action," particularly with hot lights shining on him, cameras whirring and cast and crew peering at him. And the erectile capacity of actors cannot be determined until the film already has been cast and is being shot.

In such circumstances, the usually affable, kindly Art Mitchell pulls at his thinning hair and asks the actor to perform and do his duty. If the actor (and his penis) does not respond to his urging, Mitchell then calls upon one of the actresses or upon one of the specially-hired "get-em-up-girls" to engage in oral copulation with the flagging actor in order to have him rise to the occasion. In some instances this resort works. In those in which it doesn't, Mitchell is forced to re-cast the role and, frequently, to re-shoot much of the film.

The actor in a pornographic film is considered a "glorified dildo," but the actresses are as pampered as Elizabeth Taylor on the set of "Cleopatra." Former shop clerks, salesgirls, secretaries, and students are coiffured, dressed and made-up by those responsible for these tasks. Their every whim is catered to. Says Nina Frankel, one of the stars: "When we finished the film and I went back to everyday life, I just couldn't stand it. Shopping at the grocery store and taking buses were tasks which I just couldn't handle anymore. After all, I thought I had been a star and didn't have to handle all those mundane, everyday matters."

Without a doubt the most spectacular personality in "Sodom and Gomorrah" is Jacquie Brody, a 25-year-old San Francisco-born, Hollywood-raised graduate (with honors in political science from the University of California at Berkeley and the University of San Francisco School of Law).

The 5'2" bombshell had determined, during her final year of law school, that she found the law boring and did not want to go into practice. A date brought her to see the Mitchells' "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve." At the theatre was a notice that the Mitchell brothers were casting for another film and inviting prospective actors and actresses to call for an appointment.

"As I watched the two films, I was thinking that I could do a better job than Marilyn Chambers," Ms. Brody recalls. "When I saw the notice, I felt that it would be an interesting experience. So I called for an appointment, was interviewed and got the role of Milcah, Lot's wife."

"Sodom and Gomorrah"



A characteristic sign of her imaginative determination was that before the interview Jacquie shaved her pubic hair, causing notice and favorable comment by the Mitchells and other interviewers and also setting a fashion trend among the other women in the film.

It was Ms. Brody's first film, and her role had originally been scripted as a small one. However, Jacquie's enthusiastic, competent performance—coupled with her volcanic sexuality—caused the Mitchell brothers to expand the role. "I've directed a lot of porns," says Art Mitchell, "but I've never seen an actress who so relishes her work." Proclaimed cameraman John Fontant: "Jacquie's orgasm is like watching Mount Vesuvius erupt."

Ms. Brody's sex scenes are among the most explicit in the film. In one, an actor anally copulates with her

while she masturbates with an enormous cucumber. In another scene, which takes place in the midst of an orgy in a tavern, there is yet another anal copulation while Jacquie peels a banana and plunges it into her vagina. Both she and her partner proceed to eat it while still engaged in copulating.

And yet another scene takes place in a temple with the high priest praying at the altar. While the high priest prays, a kneeling Jacquie is fellating him. Another scene in the temple during which she and a temple prostitute (played by Sharon Thorpe) are engaged in oral copulation with Fluti (Ken Turner) and then, while Turner proceeds to indulge in self-oral copu-

lation, Jacquie and Sharon make love to each other.

It was during this last scene that Jacquie looked up at Art Mitchell for direction and Mitchell vigorously shook his head: "No, no," he shouted, "keep going. You're so hot, you don't need direction."

Other scenes include Jacquie's being "gang-banged" and a solo masturbation performance. A wearing, exhausting series of performances, but, says Ms. Brody: "I loved every minute of it. During the filming, I discovered that I was an exhibitionist and loved throwing myself into every scene. Also, I absolutely love sex in every way, shape and form, and there was plenty of it here."

Following the filming of "Sodom and Gomorrah," Jacquie decided that show business was her fated career. She opted for an offer from San Fran-

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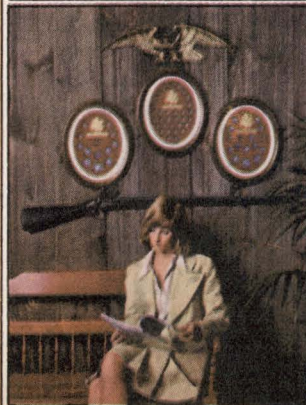
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cisco's venerable New Follies Burlesque Theatre, and there performed a masturbation scene for the finale of her striptease act that brought the hardened audience to its feet thundering applause and yells for an encore. Ms. Brody then went on to tour other cities with her unique striptease act.

"Striptease had been an old and exciting entertainment form," she says of her decision to do striptease. "If the burlesque theatre owners only knew what they had. People want entertainment, and they are really into nostalgia. Why do you think 'That's Entertainment' was such a success? The times are just right for a revival of burlesque, and I believe that I can help revive it by giving it a contemporary cast."

But burlesque probably won't capture Jacquie's talents for long. Following her current burlesque engagements and a national promotional tour to publicize "Sodom and Gomorrah," she will have to decide on various offers she has received: to star in the next Mitchell Brothers' production, an adaptation of the Marquis de Sade's *Justine*; the starring role in "Apartment House Heartbreak," a musical comedy utilizing a sexual fantasy with vaudeville style set to rock music; and various other musical/burlesque/film possibilities.

Ms. Brody considers herself an ardent feminist and, when asked how she reconciles her feminism with her blatant sexual career, she answers: "I realize the obvious paradox, but that aspect of the women's liberation movement, denying female sexuality, is fucked. Men and women both should be sexual, and pornographic entertainment, instead of turning women into sexual objects, can be a sexual turn-on for both men and women."

"I agree with virtually all the aspects of the women's movement, but the attempts to halt the portrayal of women in sexual roles is absurd. And I am cognizant of Hegel's thought, echoed by Marx, that in a master and slave relationship, both are victimized. But in my case, I am doing what I want to do: entertaining both men and women."

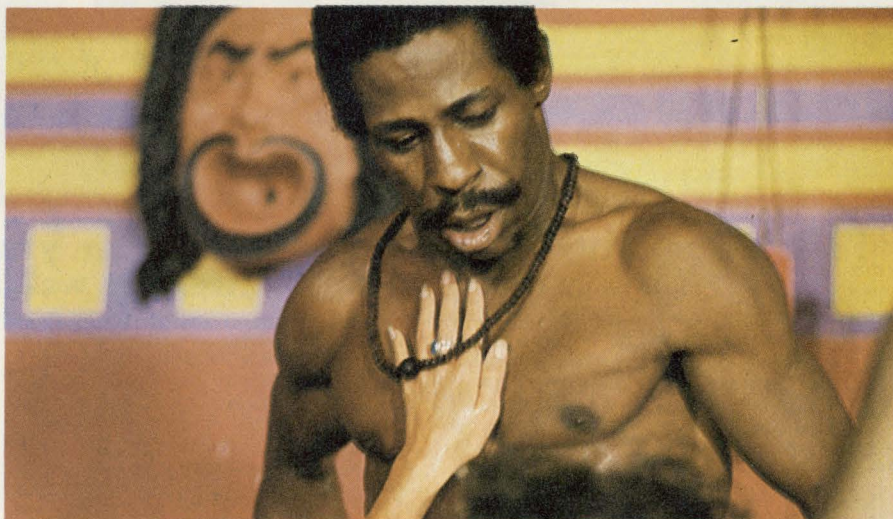
Good grief! A porn star who quotes Hegel and Marx? There is no doubt that academia's loss — not to mention that of the legal profession — is the gain of show business, which

will soon be seeing a great deal of Jacquie Brody.

One of the principle reasons for Jacquie's emergence as the star of "Sodom and Gomorrah" is the bizarre disappearance of the film's intended star, Deborah Brast. Deborah had starred in a pornographic film entitled "Venus Trap" and then had been selected by the Mitchells to play Leah, one of Lot's daughters.

Halfway through the filming of "Sodom and Gomorrah," the Mitchells decided on a one-week holiday for the hard working cast. During the hiatus, Ms. Brast traveled to Miami to visit friends. The tall, fresh-faced, auburn-haired actress became involved with a group of dope smugglers, who were

"Sodom and Gomorrah"



in the midst of bringing in a large shipment of cocaine into the U.S. Somehow the shipment was discovered, the boat which was carrying it was blown up by the smugglers and one of the ring was killed in a gun battle. Who was responsible — the Mafia, a rival group, or the legal authorities — is not known. What is known, however, is that in the midst of this dramatic episode, Ms. Brast disappeared and has not been heard from since.

A film half completed in which your star disappeared? The Mitchell Brothers were panic-stricken, but rewrote the script so that Ms. Brast's role was diminished and ended at midpoint in the film. This gave the impetus for the expansion of the roles of Jacquie and two other female leads.

One of those who has achieved pornographic stardom as a result of "Sodom and Gomorrah" — her first

film — is Gina Fornelli. Playing Seba, another of Lot's daughters, Ms. Fornelli found her role a primary one when her "sister" disappeared. Unlike Jacquie, however, Gina admits to finding her work painful. "The Mitchells asked me if I had ever had anal intercourse before," she relates, "and although I never had, I said 'yes.' The part called for it, and I didn't want to imperil my role. When George first attempted it, I thought I would die. I screamed and we re-shot the scene. Can you imagine having a prick go up your ass in a tree when the temperature is over 100 degrees? The scene was shot about a dozen times and it never came out right. Finally, Art said something about dubbing the

sound later and I was finished with it."

Ms. Fornelli comes from a conservative Italian-American family in Chicago, and spent grammar and high school in a Catholic girls' boarding school. She worked for a while for a movie production company which produced "The Cross and the Switchblade," starring Pat Boone. The movie was financed by an agency of the Baptist Church in an attempt to produce commercially successful films which didn't depict sex or violence.

"The joke of it," says Gina, "was that the Baptist minister in charge of the project, who was married with three children, pursued me like crazy. He would use the movie funds to fly me all over the South and Midwest to be with him. We'd stay in suites in expensive hotels, eat at fancy restaurants and do anything we wanted — no matter what the cost."

"Once, in New Orleans, he said he'd always fantasized screwing on a tomb; and we went to a cemetery and fucked on a grave."

Gina's classically beautiful face and exquisite figure have attracted numerous prominent San Francisco social and business leaders. The list of such men with whom she has had affairs reads like a "Who's Who" of prominent San Franciscans. "After learning about the hypocrisy of 'holier-than-thou' ministers," she says, "I learned that stuffy, conservative businessmen can chase you like rabbits."

The third of a trio of "Sodom and Gomorrah" stars is Nina Frankel—a sensual, lithe beauty from New York. Following a two-year stint at City Col-

lege of New York, Ms. Frankel spent two years traveling, living in Britain, Spain and North Africa. She finally returned for a short period to New York and then moved to San Francisco.

But erections, or lack thereof, could be covered in Nina's bathtub orgy scene in which she and five other women cavort with male stars Keyes and McDonald.


"The sex for me in the film got to be difficult," relates Ms. Frankel. "It became so mechanical; Art calling out directions, troubles with erections, shooting and re-shooting. One time they called someone out of the 'bull pen' for a scene. I was ready to collapse, but it turned out to be a lovely, sensuous experience."

Nina claims she has no plans to continue as a star of pornographic films nor to pursue a career in the entertainment world. "I'm not very goal oriented," she says. "I'd like to

have failed because they put their own wild sex fantasies on the film. Damiano had a success in 'Deep Throat' but didn't in 'Memories Within Miss Aggie,' which was a much better film. I think the reason is that the Mitchells have improved the technical production of their films, given them a better story line and kept them as sexual fantasies; whereas Damiano has gotten too serious. He's billed as the 'Ingmar Bergman of pornography.' But people don't go to pornographic films for a message, they go for a certain type of entertainment or turn-on."

Art and Jim Mitchell seem to have captured the taste requirements of an audience large enough to reward them handsomely. They keep a large staff fully employed, and their film budgets keep spiralling. They own about a dozen theatres throughout the U.S. in which they exhibit their films. These theaters are located in good areas within major cities; and, where most porn houses are in scruffy areas, dirty, sleazy places, the Mitchells' theatres are clean and attractive. As a result, instead of a handful of degenerate-looking men who usually attend pornographic films, the Mitchells' films are usually well-attended—usually by a large assortment of "straight-looking" couples, many of whom are there looking for a cinematic aphrodisiac.

That is exactly what most viewers will get when they see "Sodom and Gomorrah." The suppressed sexuality which so frequently appears in the Bible has been uncovered and exploded by the Mitchells. And the array of sexuality which includes anal and oral copulation, bi-sexuality, homosexuality, bestiality, orgies and virtually every imaginable sexual position, should titillate even the most veteran pornographic film "aficionado."

DeMille cranked out a number of fairly explicit sexual Biblical epics before the censors pressured him and the studios to cease and desist. The Mitchells suffer under no such handicaps and "Sodom and Gomorrah" may be the ultimate Biblical film. Or they could continue on and produce a series. The imagination would boggle at their production of "The Early Life of Mary Magdalene," "King Solomon and His Friends" and "Jacob and His Wives." They probably wouldn't be suitable for a Sunday School showing, but they could spark a religious revival of sorts. 

"Sodom and Gomorrah"



lege of New York, Ms. Frankel spent two years traveling, living in Britain, Spain and North Africa. She finally returned for a short period to New York and then moved to San Francisco.

Shortly after she arrived in San Francisco, pursuing her interests in music and dancing, someone told her about the Mitchells' casting for "Sodom and Gomorrah." The combination of the money and the excitement of performing in a pornographic Biblical epic prompted her to accept the part of a temple prostitute, who is a gift to the King of Gomorrah. The King (Johnnie Keyes) dances with her and ravishes her at the presentation ceremony. "I had heard so much about Keyes as a porn super-stud," she recalls, "but he had all sorts of trouble getting an erection during the scene. It got to be almost a joke."

travel to South America, and that's the only plan I have at this moment."

"Sodom and Gomorrah" should have a major impact on the pornographic film business. Even without the highly publicized services of the Mitchell brothers' star Marilyn Chambers, whose blonde, all-American WASP beauty and Ivory Snow publicity created a stir with "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve," the film should carry itself by its numerous and diverse sexual scenes.

Says one pornographic film critic: "I think the Mitchells have succeeded where other pornographic filmmakers

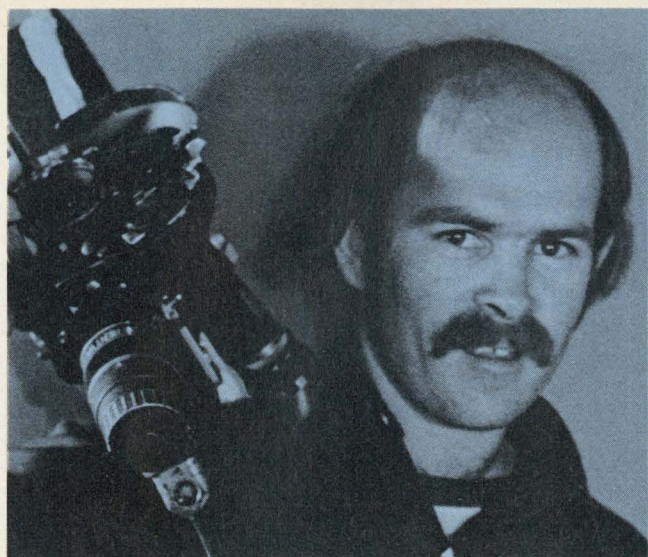
THE PHILOSOPHER

To me, every hour of the day and night is an unspeakably perfect miracle.

WALT WHITMAN



"... It's not what you've eaten that's made you like this. It's what you should have eaten"



THE MITCHELL BROTHERS

Art and Jim Mitchell are probably the most consistently successful pornographic filmmakers in the United States. Creators of more than 200 porno films, they burst into the national limelight when the star of their feature-length film "Behind the Green Door," Marilyn Chambers, was discovered to have been the model who cuddled a baby on the Ivory Snow soap box. As a result, both "Behind the Green Door" and a subsequent film starring Ms. Chambers, "Resurrection of Eve," became immense boxoffice successes.

The Mitchells' most ambitious project, and the most zealous ever tackled in the porn business, is their recently released "Sodom and Gomorrah." The Biblical spectacular set a record for budget and, perhaps, most varied types of sex portrayed in a single movie.

In this interview, the Mitchells discuss their careers, the future of the pornographic film business, and their own current ideas.

by Charles A. Fracchia

HUSTLER: Can you tell me something about how the two of you got started making pornographic films?

JIM MITCHELL: Sure. Art and I were going to San Francisco State, and I was working in the boxoffice at a small skin-flick theatre in San Francisco. Both of us had been interested in films and filmmaking, and we decided that we could get into the pornographic film business with very little money.

ART MITCHELL: The two of us had a little money saved, which was just enough to get us a camera, some equipment and enough film for some footage. I guess we also had enough to pay the first actors we used.

HUSTLER: What year did you get started?

JIM: 1969.

HUSTLER: And how much did it cost then to make the kind of film you were making?

JIM: Oh, a few hundred dollars at the most. They were what you call "bea-

ver" films or "loops." Our only expenses were the film we used and a few dollars for the actors and actresses.

ART: To give you some idea of how tight an operation we had when we began; we used to do one and sometimes two films every day. And Jim and I did everything. We had an apartment in San Francisco where the films were shot, and when the young woman would appear, we'd tell her what we wanted her to do. She did it, and we shot it. The film was processed and sold to the theatres. That was it.

HUSTLER: Will you describe these early films?

ART: They were stripper-type films. They were several minutes long and showed a woman taking off her clothes, revealing her breasts and genitalia, and examining them. End of film. Then we got into films with a man and a woman. They weren't much longer, but they showed the couple having sexual intercourse. So this was the second level of the progression;

basically stag films, with footage of two people fucking.

HUSTLER: How did you find the people to act in your films?

JIM: We'd put an ad in the Berkeley *Barb*. We always had plenty of people calling us and coming by interested in being in the films. Almost all of them were hippies trying to make a few dollars.

HUSTLER: Did you have much trouble directing men and women who hadn't had any acting experience, as I presume these early performers hadn't?

ART: Well, in those days there wasn't much acting to direct. It was all pretty simple. The only problem we had wasn't one that dealt with acting.

HUSTLER: What was that?

ART: The man getting it up. The guys we hired were full of enthusiasm, and constantly kept telling us, "I'm a real stud. I've balled hundreds of chicks." Now that may have been true, but when you have to get a hard-on with a camera on you, hot lights and a few people standing around, it's a different story. A lot of guys struck out; in fact,

I'd say about 80% of the guys we hired couldn't get it up under those circumstances.

HUSTLER: So, what did you do?

ART: Well, we've tried a lot of things over the years. At first we'd take a break, let the guy relax, talk to him, that sort of thing. Then we'd have the gal blow him until he got an erection. But even these things didn't always work. After a while we had built up a repertoire of men who could get an erection pretty consistently. As we got bigger and our films got longer with more people involved, we hired a couple of women, what we call "get-em-up-girls," to blow a guy who was having trouble getting or keeping an



erection. We felt that someone fresh, someone with whom the guy hadn't been fucking, would be a greater stimulant. And that usually worked.

HUSTLER: It's unusual for a film production group to have its own theatres. How come you have them?

JIM: We discovered early that it was important for us to be able to control our own exhibition and distribution. So, in 1969 we bought this theatre, the O'Farrell. We now have two in San Francisco, one in Berkeley, one in Hayward, one in Long Beach and one in Inglewood. And we're negotiating to buy one in Chicago and one in New York.

HUSTLER: Are they all as well kept and in as good an area as this one?

JIM: Yes. We have always felt that you could substantially increase your audience for pornographic films if you had clean, pleasant, well decorated theatres in safe, good parts of a city. A lot of people who would like to see a pornographic film are turned off by having to go to a sleazy, dirty theatre in a sleazy part of town.

HUSTLER: You mentioned earlier that you felt that it was important for you to control your own exhibition. Why?

JIM: There are a lot of reasons. First of all, when you make a film, it's always a lot easier to be able to play it in your own theatres. That allows you to control where and for how long your films will play. You save distribution expenses and you make the money that an exhibitor would ordinarily get, which is about 50% of the gross. Then there is also the problem with the honesty of the exhibitors, which is virtually non-existent. When we show a film in a theatre which isn't ours, we will frequently hire someone to stay there each day, for the length

told them to go fuck themselves. They can play pretty dirty in getting what they want. A number of pornographic theatres around the country, including two here in San Francisco, have been firebombed when they haven't played ball with the Mafia.

HUSTLER: What are you doing to avoid having your prints stolen?

JIM: Starting with "Sodom and Gomorrah," soon to be released, and with our Ultra-Kore series, we're only going to be showing them in our own theatres. When not in use, the prints will be locked in a safe. We've had a couple of burglaries in the past, but the only way anyone can get them now is by armed robbery while the film is being shown in one of our theatres.

HUSTLER: You sound pretty bitter about this.

JIM: You're damn right I'm bitter—and mad. We put our money and our energy in making these films. We take the risks. And then you get dishonest exhibitors ripping you off and rack-

“And the reason . . . is that the Mafia is now in the film business.”

of time the theatre is open, to count the number of people who come in. That is the only way that we can get an honest count of the gross.

HUSTLER: Are there any other factors which compelled you to have your own theatres?

JIM: Yeah, a very important one: control over the actual prints of our films. And the reason that that's important is that the Mafia is now in the film business. No, don't look at me like I'm paranoid, it's true. They weren't in it at all two years ago, and now they're probably the biggest factor in the business. What they do, basically, is steal a print of the film, copy it and show it in the theatres they own or control. And you have virtually no recourse. You sue, but by the time you get to court, the film has stopped playing. And the theatre owner says that he rented it from what he thought was a legitimate source. So there you are. We've even been approached by Mafia representatives to sell them our prints for next-to-nothing, and we've

eteers stealing your prints. And neither law enforcement agencies nor the courts give you any relief.

HUSTLER: Let's go back to your film-making. How did you happen to go from the basically stag, fuck films to the feature-length films you've been making recently?

ART: It's largely a question of money. As we started to make some money from our early films, we were able to afford to put together the staff and production facilities necessary in making feature films. And, as we began to earn more from these, we were able to produce more and better features. Our big breakthrough was, of course, "Behind the Green Door."

HUSTLER: Artie, could you tell me more about "Behind the Green Door," and what it meant to your success?

ART: Sure. First, let me say that "Behind the Green Door" had a lot of technical flaws. This was due to Jim and myself being very preoccupied with an obscenity trial we were in-

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Photographs by Robert M. Johnson

Karen & Ken


seduction
is a
two-way street



A photograph of a woman with long reddish-brown hair, nude, crouched on a green surface. She is leaning forward, with her back to the camera, and her legs are spread wide. The background is slightly out of focus, showing some indoor decor.

Boy meets Girl.

That's how Ken and Karen got together for the first time. "I couldn't take my eyes off her body. And then, after we balled the first time, I had to get into her mind, too," Ken told us. "But I didn't make it easy for him," says Karen. "It works both ways in the Hustler World. Ken is beautiful. But so are lots of men; and I know."

A photograph of a man and a woman, both nude, lying together on a green surface. The woman is on top, leaning over the man, with her legs spread wide. The man is lying on his back, looking up at the woman. The background is slightly out of focus, showing some indoor decor.





Girl makes Boy.

"He's not the first guy I've been to bed with, and he probably won't be the last. But he's a good lover who knows what makes me tick—or come. Not an easy thing to find in a man these days. I like to tease him. To show myself off to him until he's so terribly excited that he just can't resist me. After that . . . well, we do what comes naturally." And it usually works, as these pages surely show.





KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,500 words in length.

My wife, Gina, and I met at a party and were attracted to each other right from the beginning. I was drinking beer most of the night, but my eyes kept going to Gina, and I noticed she kept looking at me, too. This was during the summer and she was wearing a short dress that flashed up her tanned thighs everytime she moved. She had nice legs and a fine ass. I knew she was young, but she looked old enough to fuck and that's what I was interested in.

I liked watching her dance to fast music, because she had a way of shaking her ass with her legs spread that caused her dress to go all the way up, and I could see the whole expanse of her panties between her thighs. A couple of times she caught me looking, but she didn't seem to mind.

I danced with her a couple of times to slow songs, and when I pressed my cock against her she pressed back. I got the idea she liked having a hard-on shoved against her. Finally I started getting a little hot and I asked her if she wanted to go out on the terrace with me.

BY RALPH HARDWELL

This was when I first found out this thing about Gina that showed me the way she really was. We talked for a while and then we started kissing and I began touching her. She didn't stop me as I ran my hand over her tits and between her legs. Her panties were soaking wet. She didn't even stop me when I slipped my finger in and out of her pussy.

I kept sticking it in and out, and she just started gasping and panting like she'd gone out of control. Finally she said, "Ralph, fuck me right here, okay?"

Before I could answer, she reached down and slipped her panties down her legs and tucked them in my back pocket. Then she unzipped my pants and pulled my cock out. She sat up on the rail of the terrace and pulled me between her legs. I was very excited, and it felt very good when my cock oozed inside of her. I'd never fucked standing up before, but now that I was doing it, it seemed like a natural thing to do.

Suddenly another couple came out on the terrace and started talking to

us. Gina's dress was down over her ass, so it looked like she was just sitting there and I was just standing between her legs holding her. The couple stood very near to us and talked while my cock moved slowly in and out of Gina's pussy.

After a while the other girl became very interested in watching our bodies, then her eyes started opening wider. I knew she'd figured out what was happening. She pulled her boyfriend back inside, which made Gina and me laugh and come at the same time.

Well, the thing I learned about Gina that night was that she liked to ball in unusual places. This was confirmed for me on the night of her bridal shower a few weeks later, after we'd decided to get married.

It was near the end of the shower, after the presents had been opened and the men began to filter among the women. Gina had a lusty twinkle in her blue eyes as she grabbed my hand and led me into the bathroom which was only a few feet away from the guests. I could tell she was hot the minute I started kissing her and feel-

ing her up. I could feel the bulge in my pants rising like a rocket. When I reached under her dress and slipped my finger beneath the elastic band of her panties, my breath caught in my throat. She was sopping wet.

"Let's do it here, Ralph," she whispered huskily. Some guests were knocking on the bathroom door waiting for us to come out. My finger was still in her pussy and I could feel her growing wetter and wetter at the excitement of fucking while her friends were right outside the door. I was hesitant at the idea, but the thought aroused me more than I realized.

Gina's eyes were glazed with passion. I wanted her plenty by then, and I began pulling down my trousers and removing my underwear while she slipped her dress over her head and pulled down her pink panties. I could see the moistness sparkling on her red pussy hairs.

A couple of girls were outside the door, demanding to know what was going on. Gina called out that we'd be out in a minute and then muffled a giggle. I sat down on the toilet seat and pulled her on top of me, spreading her legs to each side. I squeezed the softness of her inner thighs, and then slowly guided my stiff rod inside her wetness. I groaned with the pleasure of entering her while girlish voices whispered outside the door. The juices of her pussy sloshed against the hardness of my cock. I cupped my hands over her large, erect nipples, then licked them with my tongue. Gina began moaning.

I told her to be quiet, but I heard giggles outside the door anyway. I couldn't believe there were other girls right there actually listening to us fucking. Especially at her bridal shower! Our bodies slapped against each other harder and harder until finally the dam burst. Gina groaned and gasped as she came. Then my body stiffened, and an explosion of colors and pleasure washed over me as I climaxed. We quickly got dressed. I was embarrassed to have to go out there and face those curious girls.

When we walked out, all the girls seemed to be staring down at my crotch, checking out the action. Also, just from being close to Gina, you could smell that we had been fucking. Gina, though, obviously loved shocking her friends. She never cared what anyone thought.

We went to the crowded beach every weekend. Gina sure looked terrific in her white bikini and she could really strut in a way to make all the men turn their heads. She enjoyed lying on the blanket and spreading her legs facing some men to see how they would react to her. She said it turned her on when men stared at her pussy, and afterwards we'd go home and have a great time.

We brought a sheet to the beach with us so we could go under it if the sun got too hot, or if the air got too cool late in the day. Sometimes, though, Gina liked to put the sheet over us just so she could hold my cock.

One day I thought I'd get back at her for all the times she'd made me get a hard-on, so I put the sheet over us and stuck my finger in her pussy, pushing it in and out of her until she came. Of course, doing it around other people excited Gina more than anything, so she didn't complain.

One step led to another and one day she was ready for anything. "Ralph, let's fuck right here on the beach," she whispered. "Nobody will see us if we pull the blanket completely over our bodies and lie on our sides and do it."

I thought she was crazy. The beach was very crowded and other people were very close to us. I offered to make her come with my finger again, but that wasn't enough. She didn't even care when I told her we could get arrested. She had her mind set on fucking and nothing else would satisfy her.

We pulled the sheet completely around us from head to toe, and laid there facing each other on our sides. I'd seen lots of couples lying together under blankets, but I'd never heard of any of them actually fucking on a crowded afternoon! Anyway, Gina giggled while pulling down my trunks and jock strap. Then she wiggled out of her bikini bottom. The loud voices from all around us made me very jittery, but Gina was determined to go through with it.

Gina was half on her side and half on her back with legs widely spread. I couldn't help getting very aroused and before long I couldn't have stopped even if a cop was standing over me. Her eyes had that lusty expression she always gets when she wants to fuck. I inched my cock next



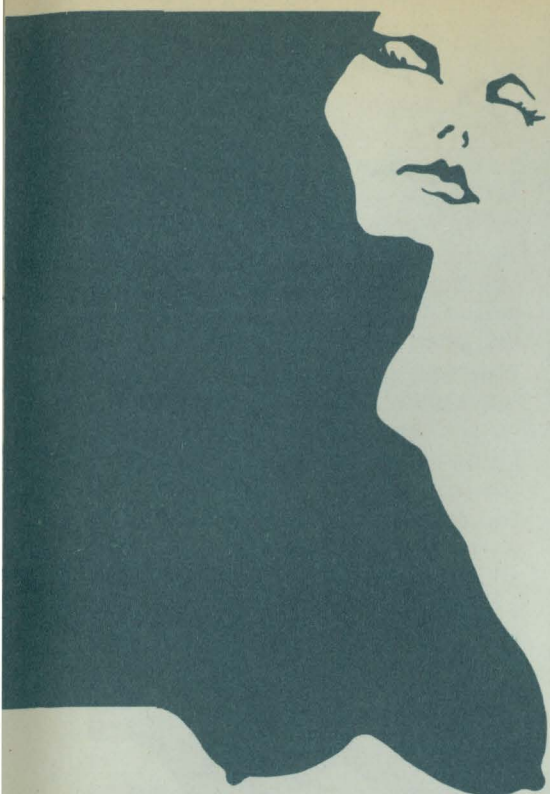
to her snatch, and it went in very easily.

It was very strange fucking out there on the beach while hearing kids yelling and adults chattering all around us. Gina got very excited, though, and she came several times. My own orgasm was very intense and satisfying.

Another time at the beach we had an extra navy blanket with us, and Gina figured that it was heavy enough that we'd be able to sixty-nine under it without anyone realizing what we were doing. Now I knew she was crazy. But she insisted no one would even know we were facing in two opposite directions.

So we got under the blanket and worked off our bathing suits. Gina moved her body around very carefully while I lay there on my side, and pretty soon her wet pussy was shoved against my mouth and I could feel her warm breath on my cock. I made sure the thick blanket was still completely covering us. My body was tense with fear of getting caught, but when I felt Gina's lips circling my cock and her tongue flickering up and down the sensitive area, I nearly went crazy with desire. Suddenly I really didn't give a fuck if anyone knew what we were doing!

The scent from her pussy turned me on and I started licking her clit like I'd gone mad. I began ramming my



tongue into her hole and pretty soon my whole face was plastered with pussy juice! She was gobbling up my cock, the pleasure got so strong that I could hardly stand it. To top it off we could hear people all around us playing on the beach; they not realizing what was happening under our blanket. It was all very exciting and soon we were both coming all over the place. The next time I saw Gina's face, my come was dripping from her mouth, but her cheeks were peachy and satisfied; a bright, pleased smile crossed her lips. When a few people glanced at us curiously as we reappeared from under our blanket, Gina only giggled. I hoped no one got close enough to smell the come and pussy juice.

Gina really had this thing about fucking in the most risky places. I asked her once why she liked doing it when it was so risky and she said, "When we fuck in forbidden places, I feel the pleasure a lot more. I don't know why. Maybe because when I'm in different surroundings I'm more aware of every little sensation than if we did it in our own bedroom every night."

Well, the next weird place turned out to be the beach again, only this time it was in the water. Gina said that doing it in the water wouldn't be as risky as doing it under a sheet or blanket, and I had to agree. We went

out to where the water was about up to my shoulders. I held her in my arms and pulled down her bikini bottom before struggling out of my own. We decided she would hold them and I would hold her. The water was cold against my cock, but I knew it would be all right as soon as I got into her hot pussy.

I jammed my stiff rod into her pussy and we started to fuck right there in the water with people all around us. As far as they could tell, we were just holding each other with her legs wrapped around me. Lots of couples were in the water that way. Every now and then a large wave sprayed on us, but that only made it more exciting.

Then, right in the middle of our intense pleasure, a lifeguard whistled and peoples' heads starting turning our way. I was scared out of my wits. A couple of lifeguards dove into the water and began swimming directly towards us. For a second all I could think of was that now we had gone too far. They'd finally caught us.

Then we realized someone was having trouble in the deep water not far from us. With my cock still linked inside her pussy, I managed to move out of the direction of the lifeguards who passed by only a couple of yards from us. The lifeguards reached the person and pulled him out of the water while Gina and I both started coming like crazy. For some reason that had been one of the most exciting times for both of us.

Not too long after we were married, Gina and I went to visit my parents, who lived on a farm. Our visit was a big occasion, and several relatives came by that Sunday. Gina and I were the guests of honor.

This was on a Sunday afternoon, and after we had all eaten a big dinner, Gina said she wanted to go out to the tool shed and check some tools. I didn't know what she was up to, but she was wearing some tight short shorts. Her pussy was clearly outlined for everyone, and I knew some of my uncles and cousins were staring at her.

We went to the tool shed which you could see from the kitchen. I glanced up at the kitchen window and saw that my father, an uncle and an older teenage cousin were watching us to see what we were doing.

Gina got me close to the window, where you couldn't see below her

waist from the kitchen, unzipped my pants and took out my cock and said, "This is the tool I wanted to check out." I complained that they were watching us, but she didn't care. She insisted they couldn't see exactly what we were doing.

Then Gina put her arms around me and started kissing me, and the three men at the kitchen window started banging on the window and laughing and waving at us. They couldn't tell what my cock was doing.

Then in a quick movement Gina slipped off her shorts and I saw her bare, moist pussy. I didn't think the three men could tell what was happening, but I couldn't be sure. They were still standing at the window watching.

When I realized Gina hadn't been wearing any panties, I understood why her pussy had poked out so much under her shorts for the men to see.

Now she straddled me and suddenly I felt my cock oozing into her wet pussy. She didn't move too much, because she didn't want to make it obvious that we were standing there fucking right in front of them. I turned and saw that my father, uncle and cousin were still watching, so I waved at them and grinned sheepishly. It felt weird being fucked while they were watching. Gina started coming very quickly, and then I reached a tremendous orgasm myself. She said it was one of the most exciting times of all for her.

This wasn't the only time Gina and I ever fucked at a family gathering. The following Thanksgiving we met at her family's house.

Gina was always trying to embarrass me in front of other people and, at her parent's house while we ate dinner, she kept grabbing for my cock under the table. She got it real hard, and I almost felt like coming because of the way she was rubbing it. She probably would have died laughing if I had come right there in front of her family.

To get back at her, I slipped my hand under her dress and managed to get two fingers inside her cunt. I moved them in and out, and her eyes started getting that glazed expression when she's getting hot, but somehow both of us managed to keep a straight face and continue talking to her family.

I saw her 20-year-old sister, Esther,

watching us, though, and she was smiling a little like she had figured out what was going on. Then I remembered that Gina had once told me that Esther had been fucking since she was fifteen and she just loved it. Esther was a good-looking chick and I wouldn't have minded balling her myself. It aroused me even more thinking that she might know what was going on.

After dinner, while the table was being cleared and everybody was gabbing, Gina and I slipped out of the dining room. She glanced over her shoulder at her family still chattering in the dining room, grabbed my hand and pulled me into the hall closet, shutting the door behind us. Then she pulled her dress up and her panties down, and I thought, here she goes again.

I told her I was a little nervous doing it with her family right outside, but she said that was the most exciting part of it. I stopped complaining when she took my dick out of my pants and stuffed it into her mouth and began sucking it like a lollipop.

She then leaned up against the closet wall, pushing the coats to the side and spread her legs for me to enter. I bent my knees and plunged my cock inside her pussy. I couldn't believe I was actually fucking her right there in her parents' house with her whole family right in the next room. Gina was extremely excited about it, though, and juice was pouring out of her pussy and down her

thighs. Gina's love for fucking in forbidden territory was epitomized by doing it in her family's house which was the most forbidden of all.

Gina began to breathe heavily, and a couple of times she knocked a little too hard against the wall as I plunged in and out of her. Suddenly the closet door opened, and noise and light from the outside rushed in.

Esther stood there staring at us with her mouth wide open. But before she could say a word, Gina reached out and pulled her into the closet with us and closed the door again.

Esther demanded to know what the hell Gina thought she was doing, and Gina told her fucking. I was embarrassed and humiliated myself, and I didn't know how we were going to get out of this one. Right then I only felt lucky it was Esther who had opened the door and not Gina's mother or father.

Suddenly I realized that Gina had taken Esther's hand and placed it on my swollen cock. Her fingers instinctively closed around it and I remembered that Gina had said how much Esther loved to fuck. Gina asked her sister how she would like to share her Thanksgiving dessert with her. Esther was holding my cock firmly now, and I could tell she was interested.

After a couple of moments I had to tell her that if she didn't quit squeezing my cock that I was going to come before she had a chance to make up her mind. She giggled and said we were all crazy. Suddenly the spirit of




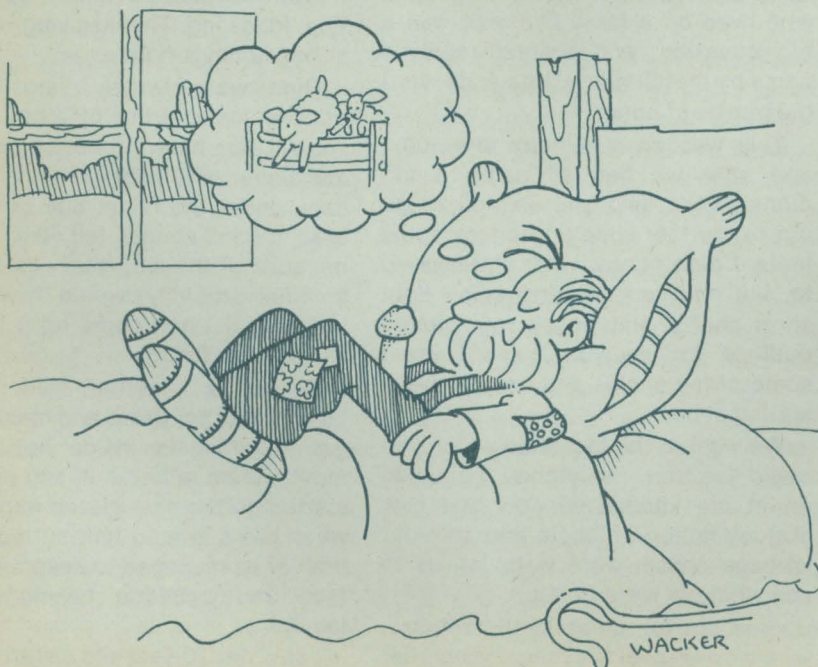
adventure seemed to get to her, and she began lifting up her dress and removing her panties.

Esther had a full, lush body and I was quite eager to fuck it. She had a big pair of tits which I sucked while fingering her pussy, getting it good and sopping wet. Then I sat her up on the boxes where Gina had been and stabbed inside of her. She let out a low gratifying groan.

Gina said she wanted to see me fuck Esther dog-style and, though I was hesitant, Esther said it was okay with her. So she bent over and stuck her ass up and, cupping her two moons in my hands, rammed my stiff rod inside of her.

I slipped in and out of her tight pussy, which was smaller than Gina's even though Esther was a larger girl. It was fun, though. The whole thing was very animalistic for all of us. When Esther began moaning with her orgasm, I started coming, too. Then we all got dressed and decided we'd better rejoin the rest of the family before they wondered what was happening.

You can see how crazy it is living with Gina, but I enjoy every second of it. I have no idea where we'll be fucking next, but if it's a crazy enough place, I'm sure Gina will find it. I only hope we never get caught by the wrong people. 



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volved in during and after the shooting. But the film clicked anyway and there were several reasons for this. One of them is that "Behind the Green Door" was released during a period of time when going to pornographic films was considered to be very chic. So we got a number of people coming to see it because everybody was out seeing pornographic movies. Also, there was a lot of talk then about pornographic films becoming technically more perfect, more story and drama, and so forth. More like a Hollywood film with explicit sex. Still another reason was that we advertised the hell out of it. It was the first time that we could afford a good-sized advertising budget.

HUSTLER: And then there was Marilyn.

ART: Right. And then there was Marilyn. Well, you know about Marilyn. She was the freshest, most beautiful,

nescence of a Marilyn Monroe, and the wit and presence of a Katherine Hepburn . . ."

HUSTLER: Both "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve" stand out as your major released features up to now. Both of them star Marilyn Chambers. Could you discuss them in the context of their popularity and their place in the progression of you and Jim as filmmakers?

ART: Well, the two of them are very different films. I mentioned that "Behind the Green Door" had many technical imperfections due to Jim and myself being preoccupied with that trial. But it was a critical success, as they say.

HUSTLER: I might add a financial success, as well.

ART: Right. But the critical success, I think, was due to the fact that women, many of them seeing their first pornographic film, really liked it. And the reason they liked it is that most women fantasize about abduction, seduction and rape; and "Behind the

HUSTLER: I'm amazed at that. I saw both films and I thought "Resurrection of Eve" was clearly the superior.

ART: You're right, it was. But, in my opinion, we got too carried away with the story and forgot that it was a pornographic film. I mean it wasn't going to compete with "Carnal Knowledge" as a slick Hollywood film, showing sex. The bulk of our market wants hard-core sex: hard-ons and insertion. And we weren't giving this segment of the market what it wanted.

HUSTLER: Your next film after that was "Sodom and Gomorrah," which took you quite a while to produce. Do you feel that you've rectified what you consider the mistakes of "Resurrection of Eve" in that film?



ART: In many ways we did. But "Sodom and Gomorrah" presented its own problems.

HUSTLER: Like what?

ART: Well, "Sodom and Gomorrah" offers a great deal of hard-core sex, and in every variation; group sex, lesbian sex, self-fellatio, oral and anal copulation, as well as straight copulation. You name it, and "Sodom and Gomorrah" has it. However, it had a huge cast and a large technical crew. The location for most of the filming was the Livermore Valley, which is nearly 50 miles from San Francisco. Transportation, feeding and costumes were all problems. The woman we had hired to star in the film disappeared when it was half completed. As a con-

●● And there was Marilyn . . . the model holding the baby on the Ivory Snow soap box. ●●

girl-next-door actress to ever appear in pornographic films. You've seen her, so you can imagine the effect she had. From an upper middle-class family in Connecticut; tall, leggy, blonde, beautiful, fresh, the whole thing. She looked like the beautiful school cheerleader you always wanted to fuck, but who only did it with the captain of the football team. Well, Marilyn was an important component to the success of "Behind the Green Door," and she became even more important when it was discovered that she was the model holding the baby on the Ivory Snow soap box. She and the film got natural publicity because of that for months. People flocked to see her in "Behind the Green Door" and later in "Resurrection of Eve," which we were shooting when the publicity broke. And people who wanted to fuck her gave her rave reviews. Did you ever see what Huntington Hartford wrote about her in *Show Magazine*? He wrote: "Everyone agreed she has the feminine lumi-

Green Door" offered these three components without violence. Marilyn was abducted and seduced by hypnotism. The resulting sexual acts — being fondled and made love to by women; being fucked by Johnnie Keyes, a well-hung black stud; and having sex with several men at once while being watched by the audience in the clubs — are all fantasies which many women have and can relate to.

HUSTLER: But there were many women's fantasies in "Resurrection of Eve," as well.

ART: That's true, but for some reason they didn't come off as well. "Behind the Green Door" really got women off. "Resurrection of Eve" was a better film from a technical standpoint. It had a more dramatic story and also fed women's fantasies in that Marilyn is led into group sex by her husband against her will. She finally begins to enjoy the experiences and, at the end, shucks her husband. But, for some reason, it didn't come off as well as "Behind the Green Door."

sequence, the film went way over budget.

HUSTLER: What did it finally cost you?

JIM: Almost \$600,000.

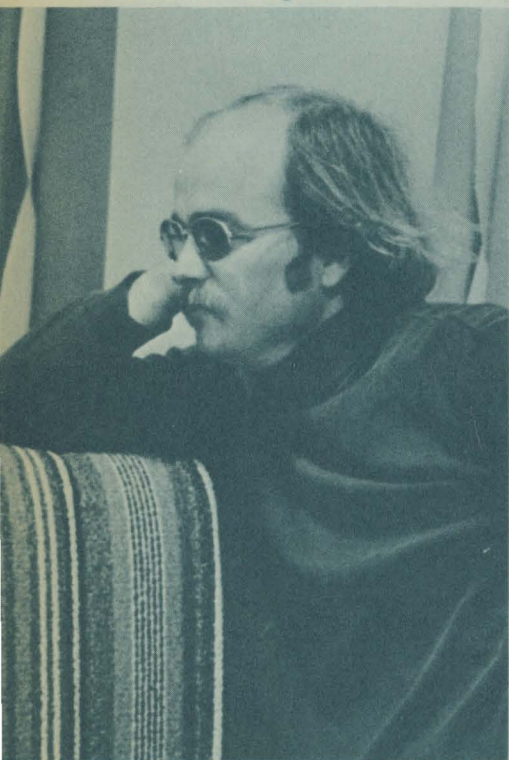
HUSTLER: That's a lot of money, considering that you used to make a film for a few hundred dollars.

JIM: The figure for "Sodom and Gomorrah" represents the largest budget ever for a pornographic film.

HUSTLER: What do you think are its prospects?

JIM: Oh, we'll do fine with it. And, although we'll only be showing it at our own theatres, we'll make money on it. But it's a long time to have your money tied up.

HUSTLER: What prompted you to film a Biblical extravaganza?



ART: The idea for the film actually goes back a few years ago when a judge in New York, during an obscenity trial in which Jim and I were among the defendants, called the films he had seen "worse than Sodom and Gomorrah." Jim turned to me and said, "That's bullshit. It was this kind of hypocrisy that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, not so-called sexual perversity." The idea of doing a Biblical/contemporary film on this theme stayed with us. We finally got a script written and began filming in the Spring of 1973.

HUSTLER: "Sodom and Gomorrah" seems to be a major departure from pornographic films of the past in that there are all sorts of new sex acts

performed. Do you think this will cause you any legal problems?

ART: I don't agree that this film is such a departure. Most of the sex performed in the film has been seen before. The only exception might be anal copulation, which I can't remember having seen in a film before. Another exception is an actor blowing himself. But that's unusual only because we had a giant guy who could do it. I think what you consider a departure, or unusual, is that the film has virtually everything in it, and so much of it is done in such an unusual style.

HUSTLER: You're right. I keep thinking about the scene where Jacquie Brody is being anally copulated and is masturbating at the same time with an enormous cucumber. Unusual, to say the least. But let me get back to legal problems. Do you anticipate any with "Sodom and Gomorrah?"

JIM: We always have legal problems; any pornographic film maker does. Don't forget this is a society in which

JIM: Absolutely not. First of all, it doesn't seem to make any difference who is in political power. In fact, I think we do better with conservative politicians. At least they don't try to shake us down. Also, the kind of general repression that conservatives generally seem to bring about is good for business since going to see a pornographic film is a release, a defiance, for many people during repressive times.

As to the current outcry by a number of people about the stupidity of prosecuting victimless crimes, I couldn't agree more. To use pornographic films as an example, people who want to see them pay between \$3 and \$5 each. They are warned beforehand that the films contain explicit sexual scenes, and that anyone who would be offended by this shouldn't go in. Minors are kept out. Now who is hurt by someone walking into the O'Farrell Theatre, paying \$5, and seeing a pornographic film?

But as sensible as this sounds, and

“... Jacquie Brody is being anally copulated and is masturbating ... with an enormous cucumber. Unusual, to say the least.”

"Carnal Knowledge" was ruled obscene in Texas; and that case went all the way to the Supreme Court. We haven't been busted yet for "Sodom and Gomorrah," but we expect we will be.

HUSTLER: You seem to have avoided being put out of business by the harassments of the law.

JIM: Yeah, but it costs us a lot of money. Every arrest and charge means bail, the initial trial and the appeals. You get several of those going at once in various stages and you're paying a lot of money out for attorneys and court costs. But that's part of the expense of making pornographic films.

HUSTLER: There's a lot of criticism of the legal authorities for spending time, energy and money in prosecuting victimless crimes. And there's also what seems to be a more liberal administration in California where you have most of your theatres. Do you think these factors will have much effect on your legal problems?

as strong as the movement is now, regarding the non-punishment of victimless crimes, I'm not sure when or if this approach is going to become a reality.

Nor am I sure whether we would be affected by any changes in prosecuting victimless crimes. Don't forget that obscenity is considered a crime; and if a judge and jury agree that a film is not obscene, then it isn't.

HUSTLER: When you finished filming "Sodom and Gomorrah," you began almost immediately to film an entirely different type of pornographic film, getting away from feature films. Why?

ART: Well, we decided to go back to hard-core fuck films. We have a program called Ultra-Kore, which is a 90-minute series of pornographic shorts. The shorts range in time from 5 minutes to 30 minutes. There is no plot and only the most general type of theme. Each short is scored with good, contemporary music. They are basically the old hard-core pornographic films. And the reason for our

doing them is that we feel the pornographic market demands them; and that there is a definite trend away from the feature pornographic film which by necessity must concentrate more on the development of the plot than on explicit sex.

HUSTLER: But don't you think the market is saturated with hard-core pornographic films?

ART: Well, there's a lot of it around if that's what you mean. But Ultra-Kore is more than just another series of hard-core sex films. They're well produced, technically, and they present good sex and good music. You make up your own story.

HUSTLER: Can you explain a little more fully how you expect Ultra-Kore to work?

ART: We are currently shooting about 4,000 feet of film a week. It takes two weeks of production to put together one series. Our idea is to have a new Ultra-Kore series every two weeks.

HUSTLER: This new departure seems to indicate that you have a pretty good

Look at what happened to Jerry Damiano. He had a big hit with "Deep Throat." Then he does a feature pornographic film called "Memories Within Miss Aggie." It's terrific. The critics love it. They call him "the Ingmar Bergman of pornographic films." But the film bombs. When it was playing in San Francisco, we were running "Teenage Sex Fantasies" at the O'Farrell and we outgrossed it. So, what's the point?

HUSTLER: Does this mean that you've given up making pornographic feature films?

ART: No, not at all. What it means is that we aren't going to be doing any for the moment. But, we'll probably do some in the future.

HUSTLER: There was a rumor that you would be doing the Marquis de Sade's *Justine* into a movie. Is there any truth to it?

ART: Yeah, we planned to do it after "Sodom and Gomorrah," but we've delayed it. We don't have any immediate scheduling plans right now, but

will pay whatever we have to. If someone really spectacular comes along, we'd go even higher. But also, don't forget, the ad is for Ultra-Kore, and we shoot those pretty fast. Nobody is going to be collecting \$300 a day for a month.

HUSTLER: How many applications for interviews and parts have you been receiving?

JIM: Since we finished shooting "Sodom and Gomorrah" in the Summer of 1974, we've received 1,000 applications: 700 from men, 300 from women. But the pace has been picking up recently.

HUSTLER: For the women, aside from the money, what do you think are some of the other factors for their

... times have changed. There's been greater acceptance of pornographic movies.

idea of your market.

ART: I think so. We would describe it as truly hard-core pornography lovers. A lot of people say that they want good feature pornographic films. They will flock to see a "Behind the Green Door," a "Resurrection of Eve," a "Deep Throat," or a "Devil in Miss Jones" because of the publicity surrounding such films. But they aren't the steady patrons of pornographic films, and if you lose that base of steady customers, you're finished. In San Francisco, for example, a lot of our business comes from Orientals: both residents and Japanese tourists. They love hard-core pornographic films, and they're an extremely important segment of our audience. If we don't provide that, we'll lose them, they'll go elsewhere. For those who want a slick, Hollywood movie with lots of plot and explicit sex, they're not going to find it from a pornographic filmmaker. Instead, they're going to sacrifice the sex and go to a Hollywood-type movie.

plan it for sometime in the future.

HUSTLER: I was quite impressed with the attractiveness of the women in "Sodom and Gomorrah" and in the Ultra-Kore series. It's quite a change from the pimply hippies that used to be in pornographic films. How do you account for the fact that you're getting such a different breed of woman?

ART: Well, times have changed. There's been greater acceptance of pornographic movies. Traditional morals have undergone great changes, and more women from conventional middle-class backgrounds are into changed life styles. Women wanting to enter show business see the porn film as an avenue to other aspects of show business. And the money has become pretty good for acting in this type of film.

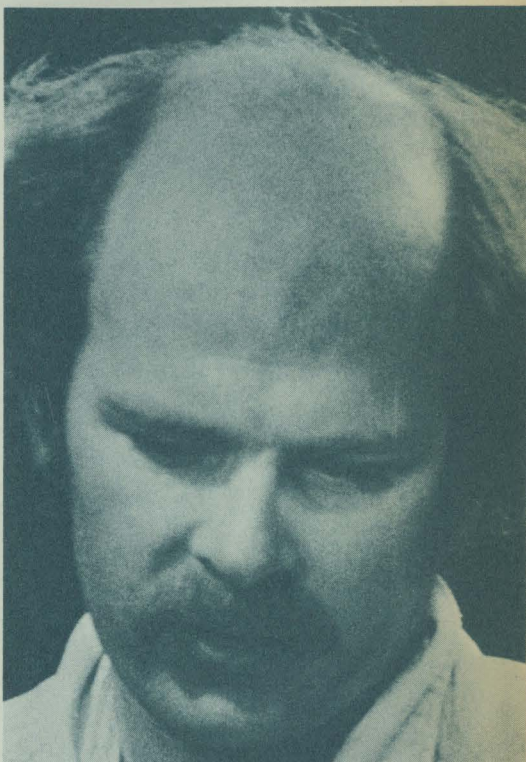
HUSTLER: I see you've had an ad running pretty consistently in the local newspapers for actors and actresses, offering to pay \$300 per day. That's a pretty good wage.

JIM: Well, \$300 a day is a median. We

seeking to act in pornographic films?

JIM: I think money is the primary motivation. A lot of women today are not into getting conventional jobs. They want to earn enough money to live, but still have enough leisure to pursue whatever they're into. Since most women today are not hung-up about sex, they reason, "Why not get paid for it?" Of course, as I mentioned, some see it as a vehicle for getting into legitimate movies or some other aspect of entertainment. And then there's always the unusual experience, the fulfillment of a fantasy. But money is the key.

HUSTLER: Some of your female stars have come from very conservative, wealthy family backgrounds. Have



they received much pressure from their families on the subject of their acting in pornographic films?

JIM: Not that we've heard. Most of the women who act in our films have either already cut off contact with their families, or their families have accepted their life style. Marilyn Chambers comes from an upper middle-class Connecticut family. I don't know what their response has been. Jacquie Brody comes from a conservative Jewish family. They've accepted her being in "Sodom and Gomorrah." Gina Fornelli comes from a well-off Italian Catholic family in Chicago. To the best of my knowledge, they don't know about her having been in pornographic films.

hassled legally enough to put us out of business. Or the business could get so competitive that we couldn't make enough money. But if something happens to the pornographic film business, then Art and I will get into some other business. We've survived since we were kids, and we'll continue to do so.


HUSTLER: It's well known that you and your brother are extremely close to each other, as well as to your staff. Is this planned or coincidental?

JIM: Both. Art and I have been close since we were young. We're close in age and very tight. I guess it's unusual for brothers to be this close, but we've gone through a lot together. And you're right about our associates being good friends. Almost all of us have been friends since we were in high school together. I guess it's natural to hire friends when you're running a business. But in this business it's also important to know and trust the people you're working with; so, I guess in that sense it's planned.

how to produce for this market. It's a pretty simple formula. However, that means we've had to stay focused. We don't aspire to become straight movie producers. I don't want to direct another "Gone With the Wind." A lot of pornographic film producers looked on porn films as just a way to produce other films. They were successful at making porns and then lost their asses in straight films. Others had some success in pornographic films and began to think they were old-time movie moguls. They lived high and didn't pay attention to business. They eventually got picked off. Still others couldn't deliver on their promises to investors and lost their money sources.

HUSTLER: How do the two of you divide your responsibilities in the business?

JIM: I don't think you could say that we have sharply defined areas of responsibilities. Both of us are involved in every aspect of the business. However, Art directs the films



“I've also been thinking about doing a film one of these days on the sex life of fish.”

HUSTLER: After doing over 200 pornographic films, don't you sometimes get bored or tired of the business?

JIM: Oh, sure. But it is, after all, a business. Anything which is repeated often enough gets boring. But we own the business, make a pretty good living from it, and even get some creative charge out of it. I don't know what we could have done which would have been better.

HUSTLER: So, you're pretty much committed to staying in the business of making pornographic films?

JIM: Let me put it this way: we're committed to staying in this business for as long as it works. There are, obviously, a lot of factors which could stop us from operating. We could get

HUSTLER: What is the size of Mitchell Brothers Productions in comparison to other pornographic filmmaking operations in the United States?

JIM: Well, comparisons are hard to make. But to the best of my knowledge, we're the biggest on-going pornographic film production company in the United States. I don't know what standards you would want to apply, but I think I could justify that statement by the application of any standard.

HUSTLER: How do you account for your continued and consistent success in the film business when so many others started earlier, became big successes earlier, and then faded out?

ART: Wow, that's a tough question to answer. I guess we've survived and become consistently successful because both Jim and I look at this like any other business: you're in business to produce something and make a profit at it. That means you have to know who you're producing for and


and is responsible for the artistic aspect of the operation; I basically take care of the production and business side.

HUSTLER: I know that the two of you spend incredibly long hours in the operation, particularly when you're filming, but could you give me some idea of what your personal lives are like — outside of business?

JIM: Well, let's see. I was married, but am in the process of getting a divorce. I have no children. I live on a boat in Sausalito and my hobby is sailing. I sail whenever I can. And that's about it.

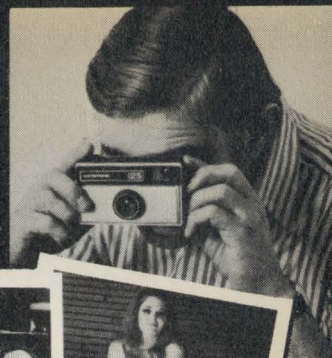
ART: I'm married and have three children. I'm a tennis nut and play a lot. I'm also a fish enthusiast and collect tropical fish.

HUSTLER: I noticed the big fish tanks that are part of the decor of the theatre. Is that due to your interest?

ART: Yeah. It's a convenient place to store my collection. Also, I've been thinking about doing a film one of these days on the sex life of fish. 

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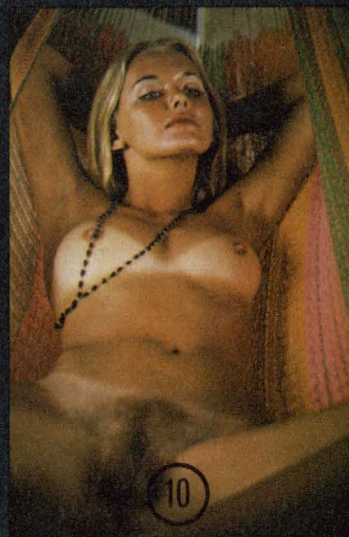
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The Fair In Affair Ain't Fair

continued from page 47

"Not particularly. Besides, Lola must hear the same 'my wife is a pain in the ass' story at least ten times a day."

"Fifty! If I only had a nickel."

I smiled for the first time in several hours, which made my face feel like it would crack.

"Hey," I ventured.

"Hay is for horses . . ." Lola retorted. "Straw is cheaper," chimed in the rest of the bar. (They also thrive on intalk and routines.)

"Have you eaten?" I continued.

"No." Lola answered.

"Let's go get a pizza."

She looked at me for a moment like I had an open door with a cuckoo dangling on a spring in the middle of my forehead; then said, "Alright."

Lola got the nickname MacLips because her real name is MacLeod and she has pretty lips. The rest of her is so-so. She's not the most attractive woman I've ever seen, nor the least. Her figure is nice, for thirty-whatever she is, and she has funny eyes — deep set and piercing. She's short, five-one in stocking feet. Together we look like Mutt and Jeff. I'm about six-three.

We polished off two anchovy pizzas in record time, then sat in a booth finishing a carafe of chianti and chatting — mostly about me. It must have been the waitress in her, that ingenu-

ous smile and look of interest in what any half-snookered, blue-collar John is mumbling, that made me talk. I rambled and she listened all about the skirmishes Amanda and I waged. I figured the talking would get it off my chest, go in one of Lola's ears and right out the other.

"Sounds to me, Jack, like you need a good lay — an affair."

"Huh-what?" I was startled that she had actually listened.

"Really. You need the liberation as much as your wife."

"Yeh. Well, I hate to admit it, but I'm mister straight-arrow. Jack Faithful. Oh, I look, but don't touch."

She put her hand on my cheek.

"You're sweet."

"Besides, I wouldn't know what to

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do or how to even begin to pick up a girl, it's been so long."

"You're just out of practice. You know it's funny, to hear the Sharker and Bad Joke tell it, *you*, Jack Ripley, are the head-hawse-stud. A real swinger. Super-seducer."

"Well, don't tell them otherwise."

I've always observed that he who talks the least about his conquests, whether real or imaginary, gets the most licentious reputation.

Bad Joke John held the center of attention, as usual, upon our return to Jerry's. (I needn't explain his nickname.) Lola went behind the bar to talk to Hot Pants while I found a table far enough away from the bar so as not to be embroiled in a dirty joke fest or sexual discussion. The night shift came on duty, as yet un-nicknamed but with promise, and Lola and Hot Pants joined me at my table of misery. (Hot Pants, aka H.P., aka Hermione Parker.)

"Well, thanks for the pizza, Jack. I hope things work out for the best."

"Sure. Thanks for the ear to bend." Lola bounced out of the lounge through the familiar gauntlet of crude remarks and attempted gooses from the men at the bar. Hot Pants sipped her drink and listened to my tale of woe, which I told better having had some practice.

She is about twenty-two or three, from someplace in Chicago, has a square jaw, slate-grey eyes, dark auburn hair and gapped teeth. I don't like gapped teeth and that's probably why I never noticed that she had the figure of an artists' model; damn near perfect in every proportion, except for her teeth. And since every man, save Gay Dave, had failed to score with Hot Pants, I let the notion go.

That is, until I got the invitation. Something under the table began stroking my dormant pecker into a poker — the toes on Hot Pants' right foot. With wide eyes and pounding heart, I read the invitation carefully. It said, "The staff and management of Hot Pants' hot pants offer you a cordial invitation to drop in at your leisure, inspect our facility now open to you, and avail yourself of our many services. R.S.V.P."

It's hard to think clearly at a time like that. All the blood rushes to your head.

"Uhhhh, buhhh," I said, being careful with my choice of words.

"Why don't you come over to my

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apartment, Jack? We can take a mid-night cruise on my waterbed. It'll do you good."

Nothing like this had ever happened to me and I didn't feel like asking why. I was both excited and scared. Gapped teeth or no, Hot Pants had given me the royal come-on and I responded marvelously, my sexual motor racing at full throttle. What's more — THIS WAS WAR. I accepted the invitation, paid my tab and drove to her apartment.

"How come when I had five Heinekens a while ago it cost me five dollars and the four I just paid for only came to a buck?"

She just winked, wrinkled her nose and rubbed my thigh as I drove. Nothing like friends in high places.

She lived in a nice apartment complex with a roommate, who had gone out of town for the weekend. I couldn't concentrate on the surroundings. A combination of fear and expectation tugged at my vitals much as it must Olympic athletes before their final competition.

"Gentlemen, take your beds. Bang." The echo of the official start is consumed by the frantic crowd.

Suddenly, another voice, "the judges give (pause) a nine, a ten, a nine, a nine, a ten." The fans go absolutely bananas as I stand and pull up my pants to the National Anthem. Another Gold Medal in the bag for Uncle Sam. Chris Schenkel gives a run-down on my performance, comparing me with the Rumanian and French contenders, while Howard Cosell cross-examines me on the rigors of being an Olympic Fucker. "It's a lot of hard work, Howard."

The thunderous roar of a five-million pound dog shattered the air, bringing me back to reality and Hot Pants.

"Grendel, down!" she commanded. "Grendel is my baby, he protects me; down Grendel, sit!"

I plunged my hands into my pockets and followed Hot Pants into her apartment. The gigantic mutt slobbered all over his mistress and then wiped his nose all over my trouser legs. I'd never seen a Shepherd that large.

"What do you feed him?" I asked, extending a hand in friendship, closing my eyes prepared to loose it.

"He eats what I eat," came the

reply from a bedroom. Considering the context of the moment, I chose to ignore the remark.

"Well Jack, how do you like it?"

"Like it?" I turned to see a huge waterbed in the middle of her living room floor.

"Did you think I was kidding about a midnight cruise?"

"Well, I did kind of equate it with going to watch the submarine races," I retorted.

We cut through the preliminaries in a hurry—the stereo, the dim lights, the incense, the wine, the passionate kisses, the "getting more comfortable," and more passionate kisses. I still don't like gapped teeth, but you know what they say about gift horses. At any rate, *I had arrived*, and prepared to enjoy a decisive victory for my side.

I removed every stitch of Hot Pants' clothing, save one. She lay on her back beside me, undulating with the waterbed as I ran my trembling left hand over her foreign breasts, down her firm stomach and underneath the elastic waistband of her soaking shocking-pink panties. She nibbled my ear lobe and wrapped her arms around my neck; my fingers made their first contact with her auburn curls.

Then it hit me. Like a two-hundred and sixty pound Miami Dolphin tackle dropping from the top of a bank building, it hit me; knocking me silly and turning the tranquil waterbed into a twenty-foot sea.

"Grendel, down! You get off this bed. How many times have I told you. . ."

Hot Pants jumped from the pounding surf, collared Grendel, and dragged the hulk of whimpering killer into a bedroom. She locked the door and returned to the bed where I lay on my stomach, wearing only my trousers, clutching the covers for a life raft.

"Sorry Jack," she comforted.

"That's O.K. Just a minor interruption."

I rolled over on my back, adjusting a pillow under my head. Hot Pants straddled my loins as the bed's churning subsided. She massaged my shoulders and neck as I ran my hands up her sides and over her more familiar breasts. I closed my eyes. The room began to swirl. I got sick.

"Oooooohhhhhh," I gulped, bucking the temptress off of me.

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"Over there Jack, first door." She pointed to the bathroom.

The Heinekens, chianti, more Heinekens, surprise, fear, excitement, terror and physical exertion had revived the anchovies in the pit of my stomach. They swam mightily up stream for their escape, into the awaiting toilet bowl I hugged just in the nick-of-time.

A couple of Alka-Seltzers, pieces of bread and a glass of milk later, I found myself in miraculous shape. Undaunted, again I began my manual exploration of Hot Pants' anatomy. My reputation hung in the balance. Her hands reached quickly into my trousers for that part of me that no other woman had touched since Amanda and I tied the knot of atrocity. I loved it. I pulled her down on the sofa. She spread her legs wide apart. I crawled between them, Hot Pants unbuckling my belt.

The door opened.

"Oh! Excuse me, H.P. I didn't know you were here. Sorry. Hi." An embarrassed, short, blonde girl shut the door slowly.

"My roommate. I'll kill her," said Hot Pants, sitting up. "This just ain't working out, Jack. Please forgive me."

"That's the way it goes," I muttered, dejected and horny.

The dog bellowed obscenely from his dungeon.

"Shut up, Grendel!" Silence again.

"Goddamn it Jack," I told myself, "for once take the initiative. If you go home to the enemy without a victory under your belt, you'll rue the day you ever let her be seen braless in public."

"I want you," I snorted in my best Heston.

"Jeese, Jack, I don't know. I'm kind of turned off right now."

Cold water in the face of desire.

"Wait," she exclaimed, "we'll use my vibrator!"

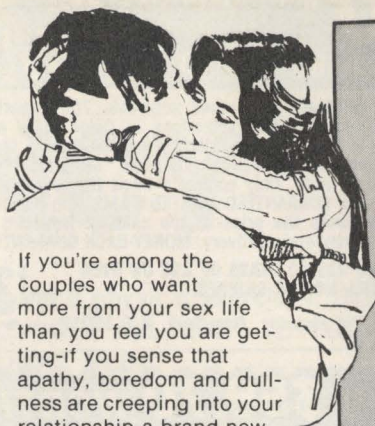
We marched triumphantly into the bedroom not occupied by the Gargantuan hound. I am well versed in vibrators. Amanda uses one a lot when she has trouble getting turned on. Recently though, she had the unmitigated gall to use the thing at two in the morning when I was asleep. Now I'd get even.

"Would you?" asked Hot Pants.

"Sure."

She peeled off her panties, her full naked body sprawled before me like a banquet in front of a starving man. I switched on the miracle of modern

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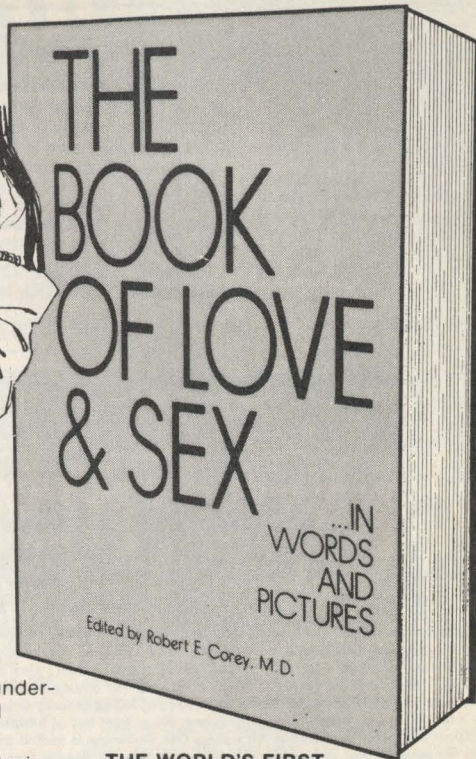
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science, running it over her auburn diamond. The thing whirled like something alive. Hot Pants arched her back and swayed her hips. The sight nearly caused my trousers to rip, so I unzipped them, allowing myself breathing room. Her tempo grew faster and faster. She moaned low and deep, taking my hand and guiding the humming contraption deep within her. Her pelvis raised off the bed. My fingers left the vibrator.

"Oh Shit!" Hot Pants sat up, sweat beading between her breasts.

"What now?"

"The goddamn thing is stuck again."

"Stuck?"

"Stuck."

Her eyes teared, cheeks reddened and lips curled. I fumbled around for a handkerchief, at a complete loss. Somehow she managed to turn the vibrator off. We sat there in bed and sulked.

"And I really wanted you, too," she cried into the handkerchief.

"That's o.k. What can I do?"

"Can you take me to Eastern General Hospital?"

"The Hospital?"

"Yes. The last couple of times this has happened they've had to give me a shot to relax the muscles."

The words "last couple of times" echoed in my ears. I had the grim thought: what if I'd been in there instead of the machine?

The phone rang. I jumped up like a shot, grabbed my zipper and pulled it up.

"YEEEEAAHHHHHAAEEEEAAHHH AHHHHHOOOUUUUCCCCCHHHHH!" I screamed.

The dog howled villainously again. The phone rang again.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"I've, I've (pause), I've zipped up my cock." Six lousy inches of Talon zipper, four and a half inches holding me by the skin. The pain was painful. Words cannot describe it, and I'd be foolish to try. The phone kept ringing.

"Hello?" Hot Pants answered it. "Yeh, he's here. It's Bad Joke John."

"See what he wants, I can't talk to him now."

"What, John? Uh-huh. O.K. I'll tell him. Bye. You alright?"

"It only hurts when my heart beats. What'd he want?"

"He just said your wife came into Jerry's looking for you."

"Figures. Let's go."

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And — equally as important —

By deliberately strengthening those "forgotten muscles" that are used only in the act of love, and therefore grow almost useless in the average man after he leaves his twenties! And taking those hidden "support" muscles, and building in a few minutes every day such rock-hard strength into them that you will achieve at last complete mastery of your own virility . . . shown most dramatically in your new-found ability to maintain "staying power" for "unbelievably" long periods of time!

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Read these thrilling case histories yourself in Rachael Copelan's revolutionary new book — and read them entirely at our risk! And then take the exact same Potency Techniques that she is teaching for up to \$100 a week in her nationally-famous Sex Clinic in New York City . . . and use them to transform YOUR sex life — today — entirely at our risk!

again, have suddenly found themselves MORE sexually-active . . . MORE sexually-alive . . . MORE sexually-competent than they were at their 30 or 40-year-old peak!

Read how one young man went through his first twenty-some years thinking continually that he was "born to be" a "sexual cripple" And then read how — only a few short months later — one of his girl friends said in a research-interview: "Once a woman has been with a man like Eric, all other men seem second-rate"!

Read of the 70-plus year-old man who now keeps several girl friends busy . . . including one 23-year-old beauty who is perfectly willing to admit to anyone that THIS man is (to use her own words) "terrific" in bed!

And then go on to duplicate these men's transformations with your own! And build a massive virility into your own body with ingenious "training devices" like these . . .

The first step: The simple "Potency-Restoring Ritual" that costs nothing . . . is completely private . . . gives extreme pleasure while you use it . . . and may have your woman gasping in surprise that very same evening!

What to do about "sexual hang-ups"! How to "De-Block your Turn-On Channels" — in minutes!

How to take your "Ecstasy Nerves" out of deep-freeze! In other words, FEEL two, three and four times as much pure sensation from every minute of love . . . at exactly the same time that you have rigid control over every reflex in your body, so you can CONTINUE that sensation as long as YOU wish to continue it!

The safest, and easiest, way to prevent prostate trouble.

How to keep the Youth Juices flowing in your body! In other words, use these simple exercises, not only to make you a master in bed, but also to "Re-Landscape" your face and body so you may have to reject more offers than you accept!

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But this is still not all! Now this amazing volume goes on to give you ALMOST-HYPNOTIC POWER OVER WOMEN, from the very first moment you meet!

But mastery of your own body is incomplete unless it is combined with mastery of the other person's body (and emotions) as well! So now you are given the final step: How to demand more . . . and more . . . and more from your woman, and make her love every step!

For example:

What women prize in a lover most . . . what they



expect . . . what they fear . . . what turns them on and drives them wild . . . what non-bed actions allow them to trust you completely in bed! All gathered for you, in condensed form, from "shameless" interviews with hundreds of women all over America!

How to thaw out the lady who wears a "psychological chastity belt"! Snap her out of her "sexual shock" for perhaps the first time in her adult life! Turn her on completely, so she'll do with you what she'd never think of doing with anyone else!

How to spot the highly-sexed woman, before you even begin talking to her! (No, she is NOT promiscuous! She saves her abandon for special man. But, once you convince her, this way, that you're that man, then get ready for the greatest night of your life . . . for openers!)

How to let a woman know, without offending her in any way, that you will thrill her in bed, within five minutes after you meet her.

How to prepare a woman for unbridled love! (For example, on page 234 you will find a new method of kissing that may actually send her into spasms of ecstasy before you lay a finger on her body! And wait till you read the pages after that!)

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I don't know how we managed, but somehow we got to the hospital. The drive wasn't as painful as the experience was embarrassing. Hot Pants and I sat in the emergency room together, were treated and released, departing amidst the oddest expressions I've ever seen on an intern's face. Some bastard sang *Zip-a-dee-doo-da* in the corridor as we left the building.

"You'd think they'd never seen anyone in pain before," observed Hot Pants. I took her home to her dog; I went home to mine.

It had to have been at least three in the morning when my key hit the lock. The light shown under the bedroom door. Axis Amanda lay in waiting.

"Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead." I prepared to die. I took a deep breath, swallowed hard, and walked into the war zone.

"Jack, I want to apologize."

"You what?" I looked at her. Amanda lay in satin sheets, barely covered by a pink and white lace nighty—very feminine, very attractive. Under normal conditions, very

sexy. "What do you have that on for?" I took off my clothes and sunk into bed, my back to her.

"A peace offering."

I forgave the pun.

"I've never seen you so mad. I, I was really out of line. All I needed was for you to straighten me out. I'm really sorry, Jack."

"Don't worry about it. You're forgiven. Forgive me?"

"What for?"

"For going out and trying to get fucked."

I knew immediately I'd said the wrong thing. She sat up.

"With who?" The questions started.

"You don't know her."

"But what about our friends . . . ?"

"Nobody saw us."

"You actually did it, made love with (pause, snuffle) another woman?" The tears started.

"Tried to." There I went again, damn it. Honest Jack.

"You tried to?" The sobbing set in.

"Yep. Never got finished. Couldn't."

The sobbing stopped.

"Something stopped you, even though you were, you were. . ."

"I was and that's right. I couldn't and therefore didn't. Now, will you stop crying and go to sleep, Honey?"

Good sense prevailed and I didn't elaborate on why.

"Oh, Jack. I love you."

Armistice day at last. Amanda lay beside me and ceased both crying and questioning. I drifted off into a much needed sleep.

"Jack," she cooed.

"Ummmm."

"Would you like to. . . ?"

"Sorry, Sweetheart. Like to, but too tired to tango." Nor did I tell her about the plastic bandage that covered what she wanted like a peel.

I dropped off to sleep, awakened only once sometime later by a buzzing in the bed beside me. But I didn't mind, my one and only affair over.

Our time together since has been actively spent in consummating new treaties and agreements between Amanda and me. She's agreed to give up liberation and I've given up Jerry's. The only thing we haven't agreed on is her unreasonable foolish desire to buy a waterbed and a guard dog. There is just no way. . . .

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STROKES HER
PRETTY PUSSY...

AHHH... MY DEAR
MAHITIBELLE,
THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE A LITTLE
PIECE —
AND QUIET...



**YOU LOW-
LIFE CUNT!
IT'S MY
TURN!**

DAMN!
WHAT
NOW?



**YOU PIG
SUCKER!
BIG AL'S
MINE!**

**BULL!
YOUR
MOTHER
FUCKS
OSTRICHES!**



**IT'S MY TURN!
YOU BIG
SNATCHER!**

**YOU BITCH!
YOU-YOU
SNAVEL!
YOU
WHORE!**



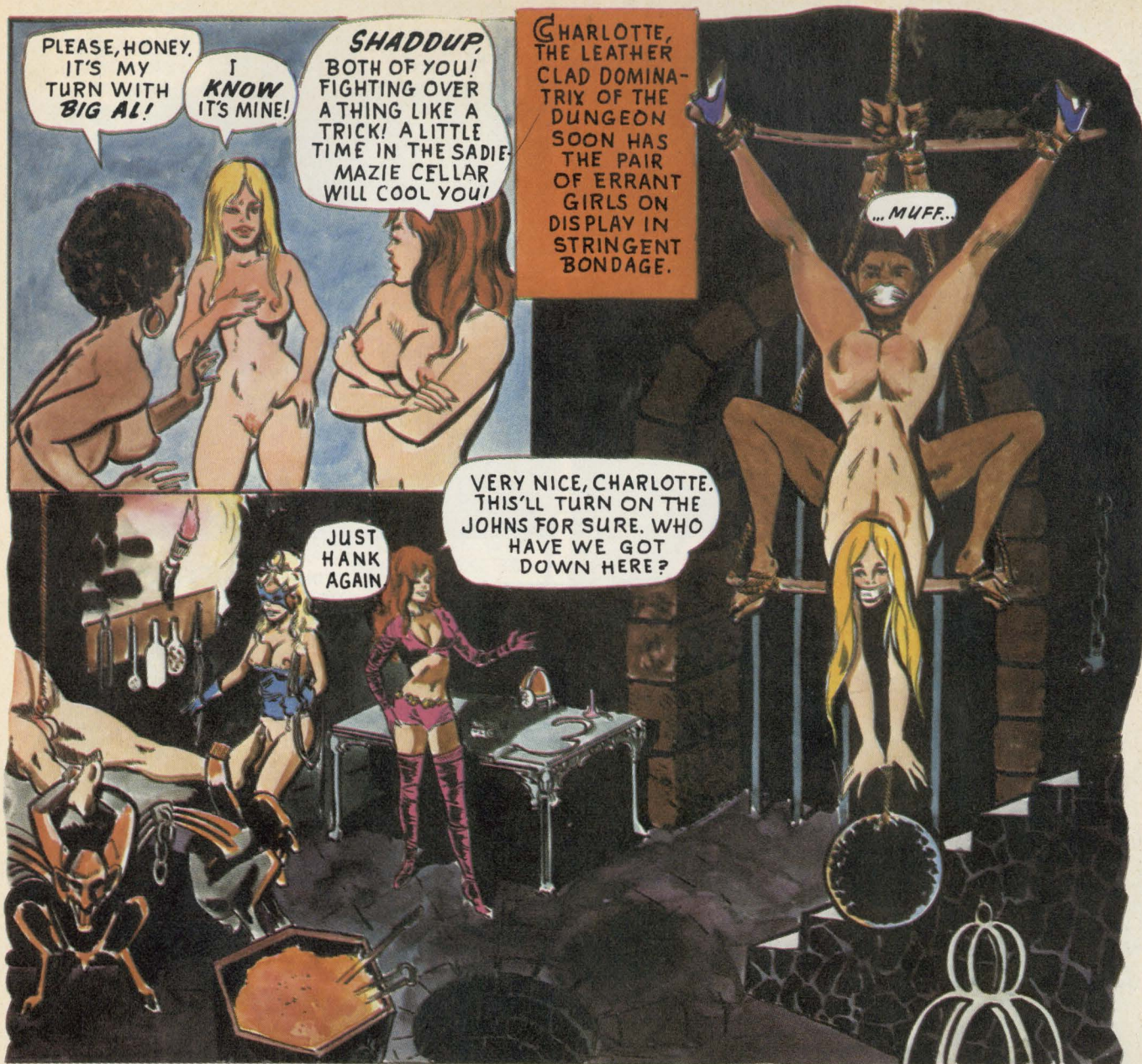
ENOUGH!

NOBODY CALLS
ONE OF MY WHORES
A WHORE!



WAK O! CRACK

WIPE





GEE... THAT BIG AL
MUST BE SOME HUNKA
COCK! THAT MUST BE
HIM WAITING AT
THE BAR... HMM...
WHY NOT?



HI BIG GUY!
I'M HONEY!

YEAH-BO!
YER SHORE
AIR THET!



THIS-A-HERE STYLE
AH LEARNT UP TA
MAH COUSIN'S RANCH
OUT MONTANA WAY...

MMMMM.. OH!
BA-A-A-A-A...
BA-A-A-AAH...

'COURSE,
AH PREFERS
THA TEXAS
FASHION...
LONG HORN!

OH!
OH! OH!
BUCK ME!
BUCK ME!



OH-HONEY,
HONEY... AH
LOVES EWE...

WOW!
WHAT A
FLEECE-
FUL!

THE
YOUNG,
HANDSOME
STRANGER, WILD
AS THE WEST TEXAS
WIND, DASHING AND
DARING IS SOON
LUSTILY COWPOKING
HONEY...

HUH... OH... OH... GOD
I FEEL IT COMING
UP MY CHUTE!
AL! AL! OH-
MY AL!

HUH?
B-BUT
MAH
NAME
H'AIN'T
AL!

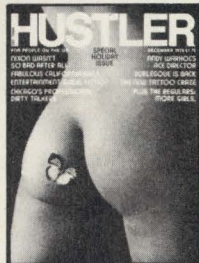
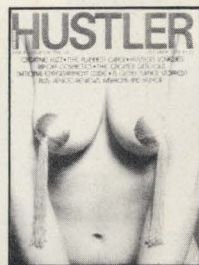
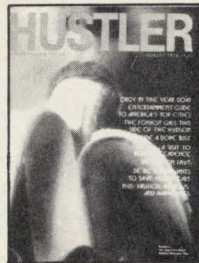
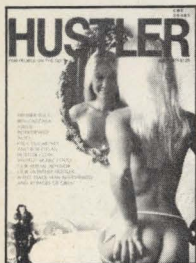


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CHASTISED WHORES
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OF HONEY...



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PREVIEW

MAY PREVIEW

JODY MAXWELL—While starring in Jerry Damiano's most recent porno film, "Portrait," the "world's greatest cocksucker" produced a pair of freaky firsts: singing while giving head; and blowing two men at the same time. She relates her stimulating rise to stardom in this unique interview with our Publisher Larry C. Flynt.

BETTE MIDLER—A look at The Divine Miss M as she rose to the pinnacle of success in the music world after starting out as a Jewish pineapple picker in Hawaii. Belting out songs from the '40s and '50s, she worked her way up from singing in a gay sauna bath to Broadway and beyond.—by Pat Salvo

"PUTTING THE S-E-X BACK INTO SEX"—Ever wonder why you have hang-ups or why you're in a sexual rut? Next month's non-fiction feature will tell you the reason for these hang-ups and how you can use them to your full advantage—by Brandon R. Blackman IV.

SEX PLAY: POSITIONS—Getting it on with the woman of your choice should involve more than a straight transaction to be considered successful. The second part of this series is designed to implant new ideas in the potentially fertile soil of your mind so you can perform naturally as a fully satisfying lover—by Mike Roberts.

PLUS: A special look at our March cover girl; how animals do it in the new movie "Birds Do It, Bees Do It"; a pictorial peek into HUSTLER Pool; another titillating installment of Kinky Korner; a delicious slice of life from HONEY and her friends; and, of course, the unique open-lens coverage of HUSTLER's dynamic girls.

PREVIEW

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